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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Nobody and Somebody

Date of the first known edition, ... c. 1592

(*B.M.* C. *34*, b. *36.*)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Nobody and Somebody

[*c.* 1592.]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

Nobody and Somebody.

c. 1592.

This play is reproduced from an original now in the British Museum; the only other known copy is at Bridgewater House. The B.M. copy is entered in general catalogue as "[*London*, 1606]."

"*Nobody and Somebody*" *was probably written in* 1592, *but, according to Mr. Simpson, was evidently revised, perhaps re-written, when it was revived in the time of King James (see* "*School of Shakespeare*").

"*Nobody and Somebody*" *is of especial interest chiefly because—*

(1) *That it is in the German collection of English plays (published in* 1620*) played by Shakespeare's company in Germany (about* 1600, *as Herr Cohn supposes);* (2) *That the allusion in the* "*Tempest*" *to* "*the picture of Nobody*" *has reference to it; and* (3) *That the character of Lord Sycophant, contained therein, is supposed to be a stinging satire on Essex's (Shakespeare's hero and patron) great enemy, Lord Cobham.*

Comparing this facsimile with the original Mr. Herbert reports the reproduction as "*very good indeed.*" *B*3 *recto, C*3 *recto, E*2 *recto, H*2 *recto and H*3 *verso are a shade (or thought) too heavy. On the other hand A*2 *verso and F*2 *recto are especially good examples, like most of the pages, showing the stained originals without exaggeration. The woodcuts on title and back pages are likewise earmarked as* "*very good indeed.*" *In original the portrait on title-page has had the sleeves and stockings coloured with a wash of yellow, and the tunic and cap with a greyish-green.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

22962.3

NO-BODY,
AND
SOME-BODY.

With the true Chronicle Hiſtorie of Elydure,
who was fortunately three ſeuerall times
crowned King of England.

The true Coppy thereof, as it hath beene acted by the
Queens Maieſties Seruants.

Printed for Iohn Trundle and are to be ſold at his ſhop in
Barbican, at the ſigne of No-body.

The Prologue.

A ſubiect, of no ſubiect, we preſent,
for No-body, is Nothing:
Who of nothing can ſomething make?
It is a worke beyond the power of wit,
And yet inuention is ripe:
A morrall meaning you muſt then expect,
grounded on leſſer then a ſhadowes ſhadow:
Promiſing nothing wher there wants a tooing;
And deeds as few, be done by No-bodie:
Yet ſomething, out of nothing, we will ſhew,
To gaine your loues, to whome our ſelues we
owe.

BRITISH MUSEUM

NO-BODY, AND SOME-BODY.

Enter Cornewell and Martianus.

Corn. MY Lord *Martianus*.
Mar. My Lord of *Cornwell*.
Corn. Morrow.
Mar. Morrow,
Corn. You are ſad my Lord.
Mar. You melancholy.
Corne. So,
The ſtate it ſelfe mournes in a robe of Wo.
Mar. For the deceaſe of *Archigalloes* vertues,
I vnderſtand you Noble minded *Cornwell*,
What generous ſpirit drawes this *Britiſh* ayre,
But droops at *Archigalloes* gouernement.
corn. And reaſon *Martianne*, When the Sunne
Struggles to be deliuered from the wombe
Of an obſcure Eclipſe, doth not the earth
Mourne to behold his ſhine envelloped,
O *Corbonon* when I did cloſe thine eyes,
I gaue releaſe to *Britaines* miſeries.

Enter Elydure.

Mar. Good morrow to Prince *Elydure*.
Elid. The ſame to you, and you, you are ſad my Lordes,
your harts I thinke are froſty, for your blood
Seemes cruſted in your faces, like the dew
In a September morne, how fares the king,
Haue you yet bid good morrow to his highnes.
Corn. The kings not ſtirring yet.

Enter Vigenius and Peridure.

Perid Yonders old Cornwell, come *Vigenius*,
Weele haue ſome ſport with him.

Vig. Brother content.
Perid. Good morrow to you brother *Elydure.*
Cornwel. God morrow to *Cornwell.*
Vig. Morrow old gray-beard.
Corn. My beards not ſo gray as your wits greene.
Vig. And why ſo.
Perid. We ſhall ha you come out now with ſome reaſon that was borne in my great grandſires time.
Corn. Would you would proue as honeſt ptinces as your great graundſire was, or halfe ſo wiſe as your elder brother was, theres a Coupe of you, Sfoote I am aſhamed you ſhould be of the blood royall.
Perid. And why father vvinter.
Corn. You doe not knovv your ſtate, theres *Elydure*
Your elder brother next vnto the King,
He plies his booke, vvhen ſhall you ſee him trace
Laſciuious *Archigallo* through the ſtreets,
And fight with common hackſters hand to hand,
To wreſt from them their goods and dignityes.
Perid. You are to ſaucy *Cornwell.*
Vig. Bridle your ſpirit.
Elyd. Your words are dangerous, good honeſt ſubiect
Old reuerent ſtates-man, faithful ſeruitor,
Doe not traduce the King, hees vertuous
Or ſay he tread ſomewhat beſides the line
Of vertuous gouernment, his regality
Brookes not taxation, kings greateſt royalties
Are that their ſubiects muſt aplaud their deedes,
As well as beare them their prerogatiues.
Are murall interponents twixt the world,
And their proceedings.
Corn. Well, well, I haue ſerued foure kings,
And none of all thoſe foure but would haue ventured
Their ſafeties on old *Cornwels* conſtancy,
But thats all one, now I am cald a dotard,
Go to, though now my limbes be ſtarke and ſtiffe,
When *Cornwels* dead Brittayne I know will want So

So ſtrong a prop, Alaſſe I needs muſt weepe,
And ſhed teares in abundance, when I thinke
How *Archigallo* wrongs his gouernment.
Vig. Nay, now youle fall into your techy humor.

Enter Lord Sicophant.

Sicoph. My Lords, Princes I ſhould haue ſaid, and after Lords, I am the Vſher and Harbinger vnto the kings moſt Excellent perſon and his Maieſty.
Vig. Is fourth comming.
Sicoph. Or comming fourth, hard by or at hand, will you Put your geſtures of attendaunce on, to giue his Maieſtie the *Bon-iours*.

Enter Archigallo and two Lords. Morgan. Malgo.

All. Good morrow to our ſoueraigne *Archigallo*.
Arch. Morrow.
Corn. Why do you frowne vpon your ſeruants king,
We loue you, and you ought to fauor vs:
Will you to Counſel. Heeres petitions,
Complaints and controuerſies twixt your ſubiects,
Appealing all to you.
Arch. Lets ſee thoſe papers. A controuerſie betwixt the Lord *Morgan* and the Lord *Malgo*, concerning their Tytles to the Southerne Iſland. We know this cauſe and what their titles be. You claime it by inheritance.
Morg. My liege I do.
Arch. You by the marriage of Lord *Morgans* mother,
To whom it was left ioynture.
Malgo. True gratious Soueraigne.
Arch. Whoſe euidence is ſtrongeſt, to which part
Inclines the cenſures of our learned Iudges.
Morgan. We come not heer to plead before your grace,
But humblie to intreat your Maieſtie,
Peruſe our euidence and cenſure it,
According to your wiſdome.

Arch.

Arch. What I determine then youle yeeld vnto.
Both. We will my Soueraigne.
Arch. Then that Southerne Ile
we take to our protection, and make you
Lord gouernor thereof.
Scoph. I humblie thanke your highneſſe.
Mal. I hope your Maieſty.
Arch. Replie not, I but take it to my ſelfe
Becauſe I would not haue diſſention
betwixt two peeres, I loue to ſee you friends,
And now the Iſlands mine, your quarrell ends.
Whats next. A poore Nothern mans humble petition.
Which is the plaintiue?

Enter clowne, Wench, and Rafe.

Rafe. I if it pleaſe your Maieſtie I was betrothed to this maid.
Arch. Is this true my Wench.
Wench. Tis verie true and like your maieſtie, but this tempting fellow after that, moſt felloniouſly ſtole my hart awaie fro me, caried it into the church, and I running after him to get my hart againe, was there married to this other man.
clown. Tis verie true and like your maieſty, though *Raphe* were once tooke for a propper man, yet when I came in place it appeared otherwiſe: if your highneſſe note his leg and mine, there is ods, and for a foot, I dare compare, I haue a waſt to, and though I ſay it, that ſhoulde not ſaye it there are faces in place of Gods making.
Arch. Thou art a proper fellow, and this wench is thine by lawfull marriage.
clown. *Rafe* you haue your anſwer, you may be gon, your onely way to ſaue charges, is to buy a halpenniworth of Hob-nailes for your ſhooes: Alaſſe you might haue looked into this before, go ſilly *Rafe* go, away, vaniſh.
Arch. Is not this Laſſe a pretty Neat browne Wench?
Scoph. She is my liege, and mettell I dare warrant.

Arch.

Arch. Fellow, how long haſt thou been married?

Clown. I was as they ſay coupled the ſame day that my country man Raphe begunne the law: for to tell your Maieſtie the truth, we are yet both virgins, it did neuer freeſe betwixt vs two in a bed I aſſure your grace.

Arch. Didſt neuer lie with thy wife?

Clown. Neuer yet, but nowe your Maieſtie hath ended the matter Ile be ſo bold as take poſſeſsion.

Arch. Harke my wench, wilt leaue theſe ruſticke fellowes & ſtay with me?

Wench. What will your highnes doe with me?

Arch. Why Ile make thee a Lady.

Wench. And ſhall I goe in fine clothes like a Lady.

Arch. Thou ſhalt.

Wench. Ile be a Lady then, thats flat, ſweet heart farewell, I muſt be a Lady, ſo I muſt.

Clow. How now, how now, but heare you Sis.

Wench. Away you Clowne, away.

Clown. But will your highnes rob me of my ſpouſe.

Arch. What we will, we will, away with thoſe ſlaues.

Clown. Zounds, if euer I take you in Yorkſhire for this.

Sicoph. Away you ſlaues.

Corn. My Lord, theſe generall wrongs will draw your highneſſe into the common hatred of your ſubiects.

Arch. Whats that to thee, old doting Lord forbeare.
Whats heere? complaints againſt one *Nobody*,
For ouermuch releeuing of the poore,
Helping diſtreſſed priſoners, entertayning
Extrauagants and vagabonds, what fellowes this?

Corn. My liedge I know him, he's an honeſt ſubiect
That hates extortion, vſury, and ſuch ſinnes
As are too common in this Land of Brittaine.

Arch. Ile haue none ſuch as he within my kingdome,
Hee ſhall be baniſht.

Sicoph. Heare my aduiſe my liedge: I know a fellow

Thats oppoſite to *Nobody* in all thinges:
As he affects the poore, this other hates them,
Loues vſurie and extortion. Send him ſtraight
Into the Country, and vpon my life,
Ere many monthes he will deuiſe ſome meanes
To make that *Nobody* bankront, make him flie
His Country, and be neuer heard of more.

Arch. VVhat dooſt thou call his name.

Sicoph. His name is *Sombody* my liedge.

Arch. Seeke out that *Sombody*, wele ſend him ſtraight;
VVhat other matters ſtay to be decided
Determine you, and you, the reſt may follow
To giue attendance. *Exeunt all but the Lords.*

Manent Cornwell and Martianus.

Mart. Alls nought already, yet theſe vnripe ills
Haue not their full growth, and their next degree
Muſt needes be worſe then nought, and by what name
Doe you call that?

Cornw. I know none bad enough:
Baſe, vild, notorious, vgly-monſtrous, flaniſh;
Intollerable, abhorred, damnable;
Tis worſe then bad, Ile be no longer vaſſaile
To ſuch a tirranous rule, nor acceſſarie
To the baſe ſufferance of ſuch out-rages.

Mart. Youle not indure it, how can you remedie
A mayme ſo dangerous and incurable?

Corn. There is a way; but walls haue eares and eyes,
Your eare my Lord, and counſell.

Mart. Ihaue eares
Open to ſuch diſcourſe, and counſell apt:
And to the full recouery of theſe wounds
Made in the ſicke ſtate, moſt effectuall,
A word in priuate.

Exeu-

Enter Peridure and Vigenius.

Perid. Come brother, I am tyrde with reuelling,
My laſt Caranta made me almoſt breathleſſe,
Doth not the Kings laſt wench foote it with art?
Vige. Oh rarely, rarely, and beyond opinion.
I like this ſtate where all are Libertines
But by ambitions pleaſure and large will:
See, ſee, two of our ſtrict liu'd Counſellors
In ſecret conference; they cannot indure
This freedome.
Perid. Not the rule of *Archigallo*,
Becauſe tis ſubiect to his libertie.
Are they not plotting now for ſome inſtallement
And change of ſtate: old gallants if you be
Twill coſt your heads.
Vige. Bodies and all for me.
Liſt them, ſuch ſtrict reproouers ſhould not liue,
Their aullere cenſures on their kings to giue.
Corn. He muſt be then depoſd.
Perid. Ey, are you there, that word founds treaſon.
Vig. Nay, but farther heate.
Mart. The King depoſd, how muſt it be effected,
What ſtrengths and powers can ſodenly be leuied,
VVho will aſsiſt this buſines, to reduce
The ſtate to better forme and gouernment?
Vig. Ey mary, more of that.
Corn. All Cornwells at my becke, Deuonſhire our neighbour
Is one with vs, you in the North commaund.
The oppreſſed, wrongd, deiected and ſuppreſt,
Will flocke on all ſides to this innouation:
The Clergie late deſpiſd, the Nobles ſcornd,
The Commons trode on, and the Law contemnd,
Will lend a mutuall and combyned power
Vnto this happie change.

Peri. Oh monſtrous treaſon!
Mart. My Lord, we are betraide, and ouer-heard
By the two princes.
Corn. How, betraide.
Mart. Our plots diſcouered.
Corn. Ile helpe it all; doe you but ſooth me vp,
Wele catch them in the trap they lay for vs.
Mart. Ile doot.
Corn. Now ſir, the king depoſd
Who ſhall ſucceede?
Mart. Some would ſay *Eldure*.
Corn. Tuſh, he's too milde to rule.
But there are two young princes, hopefull youths
And of rare expectation in the Land,
Oh would they daigne to beare this weightie charge
Betwixt them, and ſupport the regall ſcepter
With ioynt aſsiſtance, all our hopes were full.
Vig. A Scepter.
Perid. And a Crowne.
Mart. What if we made the motion? we haue wills
To effect it, we haue power to compaſſe it.
Vig. And if I make refuſall, heauen refuſe me.
Perid. Theſe Counſellors are wiſe, and ſee in vs
More vertue then we in our ſelues diſcerne.
Would it were come to ſuch election.
Corn. My honord Lord, wele breake it to thoſe princes,
Thoſe hopefull youths, at our conuenient leaſure.
Mart. With all my hart.
Corn. You that our footſteps watche,
Shall in the depth of your owne wiles be catcht. *Exeunt.*
Vig. A King.
Perid. And were a crowne, a crowne imperiall.
Vig. And ſit in ſtate.
Perid. Commaund.
Vig. And be obeyed.

Peri.

Perid. Our Nobles kneeling.
Vig. Seruants homaging, and crying *Aue.*
Perid. Oh brother, ſhall we through nice folly
Deſpiſe the profferd bountie of theſe Lords?
Vig. Not for the world, I long to ſit in ſtate,
To purſe the bountie of our gracious fate.
Perid. To entertaine forreine Embaſſadors.
Vig. And haue our names ranckt in the courſe of kings.
Perid. Shadow vs State with thy maieſticke wings.

Enter King, Cornwell, Martianus, and Elidure.

Vige. Now ſir, my brother *Archigall* depoſde
Corn. Depoſd! did you heare that my Lord.
Vig. For his licenſious rule, and ſuch abuſes
As wele pretend gainſt him in parliament.
Arch. Oh monſtrous brothers.
Elidu. Oh ambitious youthes.
Vig. Thus wele deuide the Land, all beyond Trent
And Humber, ſhall ſuffiſe one moitie:
The ſouthpart of the Land ſhall make the tother,
Where we will keepe two Courts, and raigne deuided,
Yet as deere louing brothers.
Arch. As vild traitors.
Perid. Then *Archigall*, thou that haſt ſat in pompe
And ſeene me vaſſaile, ſhalt behold me crownd,
Whilſt thou with humble knees vaſſit to my ſtate.
Arch. And when muſt this be doone, when ſhall my crowne
Be parted and deuided into halfes.
You raigne on this ſide Humber, you beyond
The riuer Trent, when doe you take your ſtates,
Sit crownd and ſcepterd to receiue our homage,
Our dutie, and our humble vaſſalage.
Perid. I know not when.

Arch. Nor you?
Vice. Nor I.
Arch But I know when you shall repent your pride:
Nor will we vse delayes in our reuenge,
Ambitious boyes, we doome you prisonment,
Your Pallace royall shall a Iaile be made,
Your thrones a dungeon, and your sceptors Irons,
In which wele bound your proude aspiring thoughts:
Away with them, we will not mount our chayre
Till their best hopes be changd to blacke despaire.
Perid. Heare vs excuse our selues.
Vice Or lets discouer
Who drew vs to this hope of soueraignrie.
Arch. That shall our further leysures arbitrate,
Our eares are deafe to all excusiue pleas,
Come vnambitious brother *Iduras*,
Helpe vs to lauish our abundant treasures,
In masks, sports, reuells, riots, and strange pleasures. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sombody with two or three seruants.

Somb. But is it true the fame of *Nobody*,
For vertue, almes-deedes, and for charitie,
Is so renownd and famous in the Country?
Seru. Oh Lord sir ey, hes talkt of farre and neere,
Fills all the boundlesse country with aplause,
There liues not in all Britaine one so spoke of,
For pittie, good mind, and true charitie.
Somb. Which *Sombody* shall alter ere be long.
Seru. You may my Lord beeing in grace at Court,
And the high fauours of King *Archigallo*
Exile this petty fellow from the Land,
That so obscures the beautie of your deedes.
Somb. What doth this *Nobody*?
Seru. You shall heare my Lord,

Come

Come twentie poore men to his gate at once,
Nobody giues them mony, meate and drinke,
If they be naked, clothes, then come poore ſouldiers,
Sick, maymd, and ſhot, from any forraine warres,
Nobody takes them in, prouides them harbor,
Maintaines their ruind fortunes at his charge,
He giues to orphants, and for widdowes builds
Almes-houſes, Spittles, and large Hoſpitals,
And when it comes in queſtion, who is apt
For ſuch good deedes, tis anſwerd *Nobody*.
Now *Nobodie* hath entertaind againe
Long baniſht Hoſpitalitie, and at his boord
A hundred luſtie yeomen daily waites,
Whoſe long backs bend with weightie chynes of biefe,
And choiſe of cheere, whoſe fragments at his gate
Suffice the generall poore of the whole ſhire.
Nobodies table's free for trauellers,
His buttry and his ſeller ope to all
That ſtarue with drought, or thirſt vpon the way,
Somb. His fame is great, how ſhould we helpe it?
Seru. My Lord, tis paſt my reach, tis you muſt doe it,
Or's muſt be left vndone.
Somb. What deedes of note is he els famous for?
Seru. My Lord Ile tell you.
His Barnes are full, and when the Cormorants
And welthy Farmers heord vp all the graine,
He empties all his Garners to the poore
Vnder the ſtretcht priſe that the Market yeelds,
Nobody racks no rents, doth not oppreſſe
His tenants with extortions. When the King
Knighted the luſtie gallants of the Land,
Nobody then made daintie to be knighted,
And indeede kept him in his knowne eſtate.
Somb. The ſlaues ambitious, and his life I hate.
Seru. How ſhall we bring his name in publick ſcandall?

Somb.

Sombo. Thus it ſhall be, vſe my direction.
In Court and country I am *Sombody*,
And therefore apt and fit to be employed:
Goe thou in ſecrete beeing a ſubtile knaue,
And ſowe ſeditious ſlaunders through the Land,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſuppreſſe the fatherleſſe,
Deny the widdowes foode, the ſtaru'd releeſe,
And when the wretches ſhall complaine their wrongs,
Beeing cald in queſtion, ſweare twas *Nobody*,
Racke rents, raiſe priſes,
Buy vp the beſt and choiſe commodities
At the beſt hand, then keepe them till their priſes
Be lifted to their height, and double rate,
And when the raiſers of this dearth are ſought
Though *Sombody* doe this, proteſt and ſweare
Twas *Nobody* fore Iudge and Magiſtrate:
Bring ſcandalls on the rich, raiſe mutinous lyes
Vpon the ſtate, and rumors in the Court,
Backbite and ſow diſſention amongſt freends,
Quarrels mongſt neighbors, & debate mongſt ſtrangers,
Set man and wife at ods, kindred at ſtrife,
And when it comes in queſtiou, to cleere vs,
Let euery one proteſt and ſweare for one,
And ſo the blame will fall on *Nobody*.
About it then, if theſe things well ſucceede,
You ſhall preuaile, and we applaude your ſpeede.

Enter Nobody and the Clowne,

See where he comes, I will withdraw and ſee,
The euent and fortunes of our laſt pollicie.

Nobod. Come on myne owne ſeruaunt, ſome newes, ſome newes, what report haue I in the country? how am I talkt on in the Citty, and what fame beare I in the Court?

Clowne. Oh Maiſter you are halfe hangd.

Nobod.

Nobod. Hangd, why man?

Clowne. Becauſe you haue an ill name: a man had as good almoſt ſerue no Maiſter as ſerue you, I was carried afore the Conſtable but yeſterday, and they tooke mee vp for a ſtrauagant; they askt mee whom I ſerued, I told them *Nobody*, they preſently drew mee to the poſt, and there gaue me the law of armes.

Nobody. The law of armes.

Clow. Ey, as much lawe as their armes were able to lay on, they tickled my Collifodium, I rid poſt for a quarter of an houre, with ſwitch though not with ſpurre.

Nobod. Sure *Sombody* was the cauſe of all.

Clow. Ile be ſworne of that, *Sombody* tickled me a heate, and that I felt, but Maiſter, why doe you goe thus out of faſhion; you are euen a very hoddy doddy, all breech,

Nobod. And no body. But if my breeches had as much cloth in them, as euer was drawne betwixt Kendall and Canning ſtreet, they were ſcarce great enough to hold all the wrongs that I muſt pocket. Fie, fie, how I am ſlaunderd through the world.

Nobody keepes tall fellowes at his heeles,
Yet if you meete a crew of rogues and beggars,
Aske who they ſerue, theile aunſwere *Nobody*.
Your Caualiers and ſwaggerers bout the towne,
That dominere in Tauerns, ſweare and ſtare,
Vrge them vpon ſome termes, theile turne their malice
To me, and ſay theile fight with *Nobody*,
Or if they fight, and *Nobody* by chaunce
Come in to part them, I am ſure to pay for it,
And *Nobody* be hurt when they ſcape ſcotfree:
And not the daſtardſt coward in the world
But dares about with me. What ſhall I doe?

Somb. Doe what thou wilt, before we end this ſtriſe,
Ile make thee tenne times weary of thy life.

Clown. But doe you heare Maiſter, when I haue ſerud you a yere or two, who ſhall pay me my wages?

Nobo. Why *Nobody*.

Clowne. Indeede if I ſerue *Nobody*, *Nobody* muſt pay me my wages, therefore Ile euen ſeeke out *Somboay* or other, to get me a newe ſeruice; but the beſt is Maiſter if you runne away, you are eaſie to be found againe.

Nobod. Why ſo ſir?

Clowne. Mary aske a deafe man whom hee heares, heele ſtraight ſay *Nobody*, aske the blindeſt beetle that is whom hee ſees, and heele aunſwere, *Nobodie*, hee that neuer ſaw in his life can ſee you, though you were as little as a moate, and hee that neuer heard, can heare you, though you treade as ſoftlie as a Mouſe, therefore I ſhall be ſure neuer to looſe you. Beſides, you haue one commoditie Maiſter, which none hath beſides you, if you ſhould loue the moſt fickle & inconſtants wench that is in the world, ſheele be true to *Nobody*, therefore conſtant to you.

Nobod. And thou ſayeſt true in that my honeſt ſeruaunt,
Beſides, I am in great eſpeciall grace
With the King *Archigallo* that now raignes
In tiranny, and ſtrange miſgouerment,
Nobody loues him, and he loues *Nobody*.
But that which moſt torments my troubled ſoule,
My name is made mere oppoſite to vertue,
For he is onely held peacefull and quiet,
That quarrels, brawles, and fights with *Nobody*,
He's honeſt held that lies with *Nobodies* wife,
And he that hurts and iniures *Nobody*,
All the world ſaies, ey thats a vertuous man.
And though a man haue doone a thouſand miſchiefes,
And come to proue the forfeit made to law,
If he can proue he hath wrong'd *Nobody*,
No man can touch his life. This makes me mad,
This makes me leaue the place where I was bred,
And thouſand times a day to wiſh me dead.

Somb. And Ile purſue thee where ſo ere thou flieſt;
Nor ſhalt thou reſt in England till thou dieſt:

Clowne

Clowne. Maiſter, I would wiſh you to leaue the Country, and ſee what good entertainement you wil haue in the Cittie, I do not think but there you will be moſt kindly reſpected, I haue been there in my youth, there's Hoſpital tie, & you talke of Hoſpitalitie, and they talke of you bomination to ſee: for there Maiſter come to them as often as you will, foure times a day, and theyle make *Nobody* drinke, they loue to haue *Nobody* trouble them, and without good ſecuritie they will lend *Nobody* mony. Come into Buchin Lane, theyle giue *Nobody* a ſute, chuſe where hee liſt; goe into Cheapeſide, and *Nobody* may take vp as much plate as he can carrie.

Nobod. Then Ile to London, for the Country tires me
With exclamations, and with open wrongs,
Sith in the Cittie they affect me ſo.

Clowne. O Maiſter, there I am ſure *Nobody* may haue anie thing without mony, *Nobody* may come out of the Tauerne without paying his reckoning at his pleaſure.

Enter a man meeting his wife.

Nobody. Thats better then the Country. Who comes heere?

Man Minion, where haue you been all this night?

Wife VVhy doe you aske husband?

Man Becauſe I would know wife.

Wife. I haue beene with *Nobody.*

Nobod. Tis a lie good man, beleeue her not, ſhee was not with mee.

Man And who hath layne with you to night?

Wife Lye with mee, why *Nobody.*

Nobod. Oh monſtrous, they would make me a whore-maiſter.

Man Well, I doe not thinke but *Sombody* hath been with you.

Sombo. *Sombody* was indeed.

Wife. Gods life husband, you doe me wrong, I lay with *Nobody.*

Man. Well minion, though *Nobody* beare the blame,
Vſe it no more, leaſt *Sombody* bide the ſhame.

Nobod. I will endure no longer in this Clymate

It is ſo full of ſlaunders, Ile to the Cittie,
And there performe the deedes of charitie.

Enter the 2 man and a prentice.

2 Man. Now you raſcall, who haue you beene withall at the ale-house?

Prent. Sooth I was with *Nobody*.

Nobod. Not with me.

2 Man. And who was drunke there with you?

Prent. Sooth *Nobody* was drunke with me.

Nobod. O intollerable! they would make me a drunkard to,
I cannot indure any longer, I muſt hence,
No patience with ſuch ſcandals can diſpence.

2 Man. Well ſirra, if I take you ſo againe, Ile ſo belabour you:
O neighbour good morrow.

1 Man. Good morrow,

2 Man You are ſad me thinkes,

1 Man Faith ſir I haue cauſe, I haue lent a friend of mine a hundred pounde, and haue *Nobodyes* worde for the payment, bill, nor bond, nor any thing to ſhew.

2 Man. Haue you *Nobodies* worde, Ile aſſure you that *Nobodie* is a good man, a good man I aſſure you neighbor, *Nobodie* will keepe his worde, *Nobodies* worde is as good as his bond.

1 Man Ey, ſay you ſo, nay then lets drinke downe ſorrow,
If none would lend, then *Nobody* ſhould borrow.

Nobody Yet there's one keepes a good tongue in his head,
That can giue *Nobody* a good report,
I am beholding to him for his praiſe:
But ſince my man ſo much commends the Cittie,
Ile thether, and to purchaſe me a name,
Take a large houſe of infinite receipt,
There keepe a table for all good ſpirits,
And all the chimneyes ſhall caſt ſmoake at once:
There Ile giue ſchollers penſions, Poets gold,
Arts their deſerts, Philoſophy due praiſe,

Lear-

Learning his merrit, and all worth his meede.
There Ile releaſe poore priſoners from their dungeons,
Pay Creditors the debts of other men,
And get my ſelfe a name mongſt Citizens,
That after times partakers of all bliſſe,
May thus record, *Nobody* did all this.
Country farewell, whoſe ſlaunderous tongues I flie,
The Cittie now ſhall lift my name on hie.
Sombody Whether Ile follow thee with Swallowes wings,
And nimble expedition, there to raiſe
New brawles and rumors to eclipſe thy praiſe.
Thoſe ſubtile, ſlie inſinuating fellowes
Whom *Sombody* hath ſent into the country,
To rack, tranſport, extort, and to oppreſſe,
VVill I call home, and all their wits employ
Againſt this publique Benefactor, knowne
Honeſt, for all the rumors by vs ſowne.
But howſoeuer, I am ſworne his foe,
And oppoſite to all his meriting deedes,
This way muſt doe, though my deuining thoughts
This augurie amidſts their changes haue,
That *Sombody* will at length be proou'd a knaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, Sicophant, and Lady Eldure ſeuerallie.

Sicoph. Good day to you both faire Ladies,
But faireſt of them both my gratious Queene,
Good day to your high Maieſtie, and madam
The royall Lady of great *Eldure*,
My Soueraignes brother, vnto you I wiſh
This morning proone as gracious and as good.
Queene Thoſe greetings from the Lady *Eldure*
VVould pleaſingly ſound in our princely eares.
Lady Such greetings from great *Archigalbes* queene

VVould be mo gratious to our princely eare.
Queene. Wh no good morrow and our grace ſo neere.
Reach me my gloue.
Lady. VVhom ſpeakes this woman to?
Queene. Why to my ſubiect, to my waiting maid,
Am not I mightie *Archigallees* queene?
Is not my Lord the royall Engliſh King,
Thy husband and thy ſelfe my ſeruitors?
Lady Is my Coach ready, where are all my men
That ſhould attend vpon our awfull frowne,
VVhat not one neere?
Queen. Minion, my gloue.
Sicoph. Madam, her highnes gloue.
Lady. My ſcarf is falne, one of you reach it vp.
Queene. You heare me.
Lady Painted Maieſtie be gone,
I am not to be countercheckt by any.
Quee. Shall I beare this?
Sicoph. Be patient, I will ſchoole her.
Your excellence greatly forgets your ſelfe
To be ſo dutileſſe vnto the Queene,
I haue ſeene the world, I know what tis to obey,
And to commaund. What if it pleaſe the Queene
That you her ſubiect ſhould attend on her,
And take her gloue vp, is it meete that I
Should ſtoope for yours? You're proud, fie, fie, you're proud.
This muſt not be twixt ſuch two royall ſiſters
As you by marriage are; goe to ſubmit,
Her Maieſtie is eaſie to forgiue.
Lady. Sawcie Lord forbeare, there's for your exhortation,
Queene. I cannot beare this, tis inſufferable,
Ile to the King, and if he ſaue thy life
He ſhall haue mine: madnes and wrath attend,
My thoughts are leueld at a bloody end. *Exit.*
Lady. Shee's ſhadow,

We the true ſubſtance are: follow her thoſe
That to our greatneſſe dare themſelues oppoſe.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Cornw. Helth to your Ladiſhip, I would ſay Queene
If I might haue my minde, bir lady Ladie.
Mart. I had a ſute vnto the King with this Lord
For the great office of high Seneſhall,
Becauſe of our good ſeruice to the ſtate,
But he in ſcorne, as he doth euery thing,
Hath tane it from vs both, and gin't a foole.
Morg. To a Sicophant, a courtly paraſite.
Sicoph. Beare witnes Madam, Ile goe tell the King
That they ſpeake treaſon.
Malgo. Paſſe vpon our ſwords,
You old exchecker of all flatterie,
I tell thee *Archigallo* ſhall be depoſd,
And thou diſroab'd of all thy dignitie.
Sicoph. I hope not ſo.
Cornw. See heere the Counſels hands,
Subſcrib'd to *Archigallos* ouerthrow.
The names of ſixteene royall Engliſh Peeres,
Ioynd in a league that is inviolate,
And nothing wants but *Elidurus* grant
To accept the kingdome when the deede is done.
Sicoph. Nay then Ile take your parts, and ioyne with you
Mart. We will not haue a Clawbacks hand comixt
With ſuch heroick peeres.
Sicoph. I hope my Lady
Is not of their minds. My moſt gratious Queene,
What I did ſpeake in reprehenſiue ſort,
Was more becauſe her Maieſtie was preſent
Then any offence of yours, and ſo eſteeme it,
God knowes I loue your highnes, and theſe Lords.

Lady

Lady VVhich of you will perſwade my *Elidure*
To take vpon him Englands royaltie.
Mart. Madam, we all haue ſo importund him,
Laying vnto his iudgement euery thing
That might attract his ſences to the crowne,
But he froſt braind will not be obtaind
To take vpon him this Realmes gouernment.
Malg. Hee is the verie ſoule of lenitie,
If euer moderation liu'd in any,
Your Lord with that rich vertue is poſſeſt.
Lady This mildnes in him makes me ſo deſpiſd
By the proude Queene, and by her fauourits.

Enter Elidure.

Cornw. See maddam where he comes reading a booke.
Lady My Lord and husband, with your leaue this booke
Is fitter for an Vniuerſitie
Then to be looke on, and the Crowne ſo neere:
You know theſe Lords for tyrannie haue ſworne
To baniſh *Archigallo* from the throne,
And to inveſt you in the royaltie:
VVill you not thanke them, and with bounteous hands
Sprinckle their greatnes with the names of Earles,
Dukes, Marqueſſes, and other higher termes.
Elid. My deereſt loue, the eſſence of my ſoule,
And you my honord Lords, the ſute you make,
Though it be iuſt for many wrongs impoſd,
Yet vnto me it ſeemes an iniurie.
VVhat is my greatnes by my brothers fall,
But like a ſtarued body nouriſhed
With the deſtruction of the other lymbes.
Innumerable are the griefes that waite
On horded treaſures, then much more on Crownes:
The middle path, the golden meane for me,
Leaue me obedience, take you Maieſtie.

Lady. Why this is worſer to my lofty minde,
Then the late checks giuen by the angry Queene.
Corn. If you refuſe it, knowe we are determined
To lay it elſe where.
Lady. On your younger brother,
And then no doubt we ſhall be awde indeed,
When the ambition of the elders wife,
Can ſcarſly giue our patience any bounds:
England is ſicke of pride and tirrany,
And in thy goodnes only to be curde.
Thou art cald foorth amongſt a thouſand men,
To miniſter this ſoueraigne Ancidote,
To amend thy brothers crueltie with loue,
And if thou wilt not from oppreſsion free
Thy natiue Country, thou art vilde as he.
Elid. I had rather ſtay his leaſure to amend.
Lady. Men, heauen, gods, deuills, what power ſhould I invoke,
To faſhion him a new: thunder come downe,
Crowne me with ruine, ſince not with a Crowne.
Cornw. Long life vnto the Kingly *Eldure*,
Trumpets proclaime it whether he will or no.
Lady. For that conceit Lords, you haue wonne my hart,
In his deſpight let him be ſtraight waies Crownd,
That I may triumphe whilſt the trumpets ſound.
Elid. Carry me to my graue, not to a Throne.
Lady. Helpe Lords to ſeate him, nay helpe euery one:
So ſhould the Maieſtie of England ſit,
Whilſt we in like ſtate doe aſſociate him.
Elid. Neuer did any leſſe deſire to raigne
Then I, heauen knowes this greatnes is my paine.
Lady. Paine me in this ſort great Lords euery day,
Tis ſweete to rule.
Elid. Tis ſweeter to obay.
Cornw. Liue King of England long and happily,
As long and happily your Highnes liue.

Lady. We thanke you Lords, now call in the depoſd,
Him and his proud Queene, bring vnto our ſight,
That in her wrongs we may haue our delight.

Enter Archigallo, and his Queene bound.

Archi. Betrayd, tane priſoner, and by thoſe that owe
To me their duty, and allegiance:
My brother the vſurper of the Crowne,
Oh this is monſtrous, moſt inſufferable.
Elid. Good brother grieue not, tis againſt my will,
That I am made a King, pray take my place,
I had rather be your ſubiect then your Lord.
Lady. So had not I, ſit ſtill my gracious Lord,
Whilſt I looke through this Tyrant with a frowne,
Minion reach vp my gloue.
Queene. Thinkſt thou becauſe
Thy husband can diſſemble piety,
And therein hath depoſd my royall Lord,
That I am leſſer in eſtate then Queene?
No thine owne anſwere lately giuen to me,
I thus reuet, ſtoope thou proud Queene for me.
Sicoph. Nay, then as I did lately to her Highnes,
I muſt admoniſh you, diected Lady
You doe forget your ſelfe, and where you are,
Duty is debt, and it is fit ſince now
You are a ſubiect, to beare humble thoughts:
Follow my counſell Lady and ſubmit,
Her Mareſtie no doubt will pardon it.
Queene. Theres for your paines.
Sicoph. Which way ſo ere I goe,
I haue it heere, whether it ebbe or flowe.
Lady. That pride of thine ſhall be thy ouerthrowe.
And thus I ſentence them.
Elid. Leaue that to me:
Lady. No you are too mild, iudgment belongs to me:

Thou

Thou *Archigallo* for thy tirranie,
For euer be excluded from all rule,
And from thy life.
Elid. Nor from his life I pray.
Lady. He vnto whom the greateſt wrongs are done,
Diſpatch him quickly.
Morg. That will I.
Maglo. Or I.
Elid. And therein Lords effect my tragedie.
Lady. Why ſtrike you not, oh tis a dangerous thing,
To haue a liuing ſubiect of a King:
Much treaſon may be wrought, when in his death,
Our ſafty is ſecur'd.
Elid. Baniſh him rather, oh ſweete ſpare his life,
He is my brother.
Archi. Crownd, and pray thy wife.
Elid. Oh brother, if you roughly ſpeake, I knowe
There is no hope but your ſure ouerthrowe,
Pray be not angry with me for my loue:
To baniſhment ſince it muſt needes be ſo,
His life I giue him whoſoere ſaies no.
Lady. What and his Ladies too.
Elid. I hers and all.
Lady. But Ile not haue you baniſht with the King,
No Minion no, ſince you muſt liue, be aſſur'd
Ile make thee meaneſt of my waiting Maides.
Queene. I ſcorne thy pride.
Archi. Farewell deceiuing ſtate,
Pride making Crowne, my deereſt wife farewell:
I haue beene a Tyrant, and Ile be ſo ſtill. *Exit.*
Elid. Alas my brother.
Lady. Dry vp childiſh teares,
And to theſe Lords that haue inueſted you,
Giue gracious lookes, and honorable deedes.
Elid. Giue them my Crowne, oh giue them all I haue,

Thy Throne I reckon but a glorious graue.
Lady. Then from my ſelfe theſe dignities receiue,
The Iland wreſted from you I reſtore,
See it be giuen them backe Lord Sicophant.
The office of hie Seneſchall bereft you,
My Lord of *Cornwell* to your grace we giue.
You *Martianus* be our Treaſurer,
And if we find you faithfull, be aſſur'd
You ſhall not want preferment at our hands.
Meane time this office we impoſe on you,
Be Tutor to this Lady, and her pride
With your learnd principles whereof you are full
Turne to humility, or vex her ſoule,
Queene. Torment on torment, tutord by a foole.
Sicoph. Madam, it is her Highnes will be pleaſ'd.
Lady. Young *Peridurus* and *Vigenius*, Lords
Releaſe from priſon, and becauſe your King,
Is mightely affected vnto Yorke,
Thether diſmiſſe the Court incontinent.
Sicoph. Shall it be ſo my Liedge.
Lady. Are not we King.
His ſilence ſaies it, and what we ordaine,
Who dares make queſtion of: this day for euer
Thorough our raigne beheld a feſtiuall:
And tryumphe Lords that England is ſet free,
From a vild tyrant and his crueltie.
Elid. On to our funerall, tis no matter where,
I ſinne I knowe in ſuffering pride ſo neere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nobody, and the Clowne.

Nobody. Ahem boy, Nobody is found yet for all his troubles.
Clow. And ſo is Nobodies man for all his whipping, but Maiſter we are nowe in the Citty, wald about from ſlaunder, there cannot a lie come in but it muſt runne thorough bricke, or get the goodwill of the warders, whoſe browne bills looke blew vppon all

all paſſengers.

Nobody. O this Citty, if Nobody liue to be as old againe, be it ſpoken in ſecret, Ile haue fenſt about with a wall of braſſe.

Clowne. Of Nobodies making, that will be rare.

Nobody. Ile bring the Tems through the middle of it, empty Moore-ditch at my owne charge, and build vp Paules-ſteple without a collection. I ſee not what becomes of theſe collections.

Clowne. Why Nobody receaues them.

Nobody. I knaue?

Clowne. You knaue: or as the world goes, Somebody receiues all, and Nobody is blamd for it.

Nobody. But is it rumord ſo thorough out the Citty.

Clowne. Doe not you knowe that? theres not an orphants portion loſt out of the Chamber, but Nobody has got it, no Corne tranſported without warrant, but Nobody has donne it, no goods ſtolne but by Nobody, no extortion without Nobody: and but that truth will come to light, fewe wenches got with child, but with Nobody.

Nobody. Nay thats by Somebody.

Clowne. I thinke Somebody had a hand in't, but Nobody ſometimes paies for the nurſing of it.

Nobody. Indeede I haue taken into my charge many a poore infant left to the almes of the wideworld, I haue helpt many a vertuous maide to a good husband, & nere deſird her maiden-head: redeemed many Gentlemens lands, that haue thankt Nobody for it, built Peſt-houſes, and other places of retirement in the ſicknes time for the good of the Cittie, and yet *Nobody* cannot get a good word for his labor.

Clowne. Tis a mad world Maiſter.

Nobody. Yet this mad world ſhall not make me mad, I am
All ſpirit, *Nobody* let them grieue,
That ſcrape for wealth I will the poore relieue,
Where are the Maiſters of the ſeuerall priſons:
Within and neere adioyning to the Citty,
That I may ſpred my charity abroad.

Clowne. Heere they be Sir.

Enter three or foure.

Nobody. Welcome Gentlemen:
You are they that make poore men houſholders
Againſt their wills, and yet doe them no wrong:
You haue the actions, and the caſes of your ſides,
Whilſt your Tenants in comon, want money to fill them.
How many Gentlemen of leſſe reuenewes then *Nobody*,
Lie in your Knights ward, for want of maintenance.

1 I am Sir a Keeper of the Counter, and there are in our wards aboue a hundred poore priſoners, that are like nere to come foorth without ſatisfaction.

Nobody. But *Nobody* will be their benefactor. What in yours.

2 As many as in the other priſon.

Nobody. Theres to releaſe them. What in yours.

3 Double the number, and in the Gayle.

Nobody. Talke not of the Gayle, tis full of limetwigs, liſts, and pickpockets.

1 Is it your pleaſure Sir to free them all.

Nobody. All that lie in for debt.

2 Ten thouſand pound, and ten to that will not doe it.

Nobody. *Nobody* Sir will giue a hundred thouſand,
Ten hundred thouſand, *Nobody* will not haue a priſoner,
Becauſe they all ſhall pray for *Nobody*.

Clowne. Tis great pitty my Maiſter has *Nobody*, and ſo kind a hart.

A wiſe within. *Follow, ſollow, ſollow.*

Nobody. What outcries that?

Enter Somebody, with two or three.

Somebody. That is the gallant, apprehend him ſtraight,
Tis he that ſowes ſedition in the Land,
Vnder the couler of being charitable,
When ſearch is made for ſuch in euery Inne,
Though I haue ſeene them houſd, the Chamberlaine

For

For gold will anſwere there is *Nobody:*
He for all bankrouts is a common baile,
And when the execution ſhould be ſerud
Vpon the ſureties, they find *Nobody*:
In priuate houſes who ſo apt to lie,
As thoſe that haue beene taught by *Nobody*,
Seruants forgetfull of their Maiſters friends,
Being askt how many were to ſpeake with him
Whilſt he was abſent, they ſay *Nobody*,
Nobody breakes more glaſſes in a houſe,
Then all his wealth hath power to ſatisfie:
If you will free this Citty then from ſhame,
Seaſe *Nobody*, and let him beare the blame.

Conſt. Lay hold vpon him.

Nobody. What on *Nobody*, giue me my ſword, my morglay,
My friends, you that doe know how innocent I am,
Draw in my quarrell, ſuccor Nobody,
What Nobody, but Nobody remaining.

Clowne. Yes Maiſter, I Nobodies man.

Nobody. Stand to me nobly then, and feare them not,
Thy Maiſter Nobody, can take no wounds,
Nobody is no coward, Nobody
Dares fight withall the world.

Somb. Vpon them then.

A fight betwixt Somebody and Nobody, Nobody eſcapes.

What has he ſcapt vs.

Conſt. He is gone my Lord.

Somb. It ſhall be thus, now you haue ſeene his ſhape,
Let him be ſtraight imprinted to the life:
His picture ſhall be ſet on euery ſtall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Sombody*,
Country and Citty, I ſhall thus ſet free,

And haue more roome to worke my villanie. *Exeunt.*

Nobody. What are they gonne, then Citty now adew,
Since I haue taken ſuch great iniury,
For my good life within thy gouernment:
No more will *Nobody* be charitable,
No more will *Nobody* relieue the poore,
Honor your Lord, and Maiſter *Somebody*,
For *Somebody* is he that wrongs you all.
Ile to the Court the changing of the ayre,
May peraduenture change my iniuries,
And if I ſpeede no better being there,
Yet ſay that *Nobody* liu'd euery where. *Exit.*

Enter Archigallo.

Archi. I was a King, but now I am ſlaue,
How happie were I in this baſe eſtate,
If I had neuer taſted royaltie:
But the remembrance that I was a King,
Vnſeaſons the Content of pouertie,
I heare the hunters muſicke, heere Ile lie,
To keepe me out of ſight till they paſſe by.

Enter Morgan, and Malgo.

Morgan. The ſtag is hearded, come my Lord
Shall we to horſe and ſingle him againe.
Malgo. Content, the King will chaſe, the day is ſpent
And we haue kild no ganie, to horſe, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elidure.

Elid. Hearded, goe ſingle him, or couple ſtraight,
He will not fall to day, what fellowes this.
Archi. I am a man.
Elid. A baniſht man I thinke,
My brother *Archigallo*, iſt not ſo.
Archi. Tis ſo, I am thy brother *Elidure*,

All

All that thou haſt is mine, the Crowne is mine,
Thy royaltie is mine; theſe hunting pleaſures
Thou dooſt vſurpe: ambitious *Elidure*
I was a King.

Elidu. And I may be a wretch: poore *Archigallo*,
The ſight of thee that wert my Soueraigne,
In this eſtate, drawes riuers from mine eyes.
VVill you be king againe? if they agree
Ile redeliuer all my royaltie,
Saue what a ſecond brother and a ſubiect
Keepes in an humble boſome, for I ſweare
The Crowne is yours that *Elidure* doth weare.

Arch. Then giue it me; vſe not the common ſleights,
To pittie one, and keepe away his right.
Seeſt thou theſe ragges, doe they become my perſon?
O *Elidure*, take pittie on my ſtate,
Let me not ſtill liue thus infortunate.

Elidu. Alas, if pittie could procure your good,
Inſteed of water, Ide weepe teares of blood
To expreſſe both loue and pittie: ſay deere brother
I ſhould vncrowne my ſelfe, the angry Peeres
VVill neuer let me reach the imperiall wreathe
To *Archigalloes* head. There's ancient *Cornwell*,
Stout *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and bold *Malgo*,
From whom you tooke the pleaſant Southerne Ile,
VVill neuer kneele to you: what ſhould I ſay,
Your tirannie was cauſe of your decay.

Arch. What ſhall I die then? welcome be that fate
Rather then ſtill liue in this wretched ſtate.

Enter Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan and Malgo.

Corn. Yonders the King; my ſoueraigne you haue loſt
The fall of a braue ſtagge, he's dead my liedge.
VVhat fellowes this?

Elidu. Knoweſt him not Cornwell?
Corn. No my liedge not I.
Arch. I am thy King.
Elid. Tis *Archigallo* man.
Corn. Thou art no king of mine, thou art a traytor,
Thy life is forfeit by thy ſtay in Brittaine.
VVert thou not baniſht?
Elidu. Noble Cornwell ſpeake
More gently, or my piteous hart will breake,
Lord *Martianus*, *Morgan*, and the reſt,
I am a wearie of my gouernment,
And willinglie reſigne it to my brother.
Mart. Your brother was a tyrant, and my knee
Shall neuer bow to wrong and tirannie.
Elid. Yet looke vpon his miſery, his teares
Argue repentance; thinke not honourd Lords
The feare of dangers waiting on my Crowne
Makes me ſo willing to reſigne the ſame,
For I am lou'd I know, but iuſtice bids
I make a reſignation, tis his right,
My calls but vſurpation.
Corn. Elidure,
If you are wearie of your gouernment,
Wele ſet the Crowne vpon a ſtrangers head
Rather then *Archigallo.* Harke ye Lords,
Shall we make him our King we did depoſe,
So might our heads be chopt of, Ile looſe mine
Ere my poore Country ſhall endure ſuch wrongs,
As that iniurious tyrant plagues her with,
Mor. Keepe ſtill your Crowne my Liedge, happy is Brittaine
Vnder the gouernment of *Elidure.*
Arch. Let it be ſo,
Death is the happy period of all woe.
The wretch thats torne vpon the torturing wrack,
Feeles not more deuiliſh torment then my hart.

When I but call to minde my tiraunie,
I record heauen my Lords, my brothers fight,
The pittie that he takes of my diſtreſſe,
Your loue and true allegiance vnto him,
Hath wrought in me a reconciled ſpirit,
I doe confeſſe my ſinne, and freely ſay,
I did deſerue to be depoſd.

Elidu. Alas good Prince, my honorable Lords,
Be not flint-harted, pitty *Archigallo*,
I know his penitentiall words proceede
From a remorcefull ſpirit, Ile ingage
My life vpon his righteous gouernment.
Good *Cornwell*, gentle *Martianus*, ſpeake,
Shall *Archigallo* be your king againe?

Arch. By heauen I not deſire it.

Elidu. See my Lords,
Hee's not ambitious, as thou lou'ſt me *Cornwell*,
As thou didſt loue our Father, let his ſonne
Be righted, giue him backe the gouernment
You tooke from him.

Corn. VVhat ſhould I ſay? faith I ſhall fall a weeping:
Therefore ſpeake you.

Elid. Lord *Martianus* ſpeake.

Mart. What ſay theſe Lords that haue been wrongd by him.

Elidu. *Morgan* and *Malgo*, all I haue in Brittaine
Shall be ingag'd to you, that *Archigallo*
Will neuer more oppreſſe you, nor impoſe
Wrong on the meaneſt ſubiect in the Land.

Morg. Then weele embrace his gouernment.

Elidu. Saies *Malgo* ſo?

Malg. I doe my Lord,

Elidu. What ſaies *Martianus*?

Mart. Faith as my Lord of *Cornwell*.

Corn. I ſay that I am ſorry he was bad,
And now am glad hee's chang'd; his wickednes

We puniſht, and his goodnes there's great reaſon
Should be rewarded; therefore Lords ſet on
To Yorke then, to his Coronation.
Elidu. Then happie *Elidurus*, happie day
That takes from me a kingdomes cares away.
Arch. And happie *Archigallo* that haue rangd
From ſin, to ſin, and now at laſt am changd.
My Lords and friends, the wrongs that you haue ſeene
In me, my future vertues ſhall redeeme.
Come gentle brother, pittie that ſhould reſt
In women moſt, is harbor'd in thy breſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene, Lady Elidure, and Flatterer.

Lady Come haue you done your taske, now doe you ſee
What tis to be ſo proude of Maieſtie,
We muſt take vp your gloue, and not be thought
Worthy the name of Siſter, thus you minx
Ile teach you ply your worke, and thanke me to,
This paines will be your owne another day.
Queene. Inſulting, ouer-proude, ambitious woman,
Queene I diſdaine to call thee, thou dooſt wrong
Thy brothers wife, indeede thy Kings eſpouſd,
And mauger all thy tyrannie I ſweare,
Rather then ſtill liue thus, Ile perriſh heere.
Sicoph. You are not wiſe, deiected as you are
To bandie braues againſt her Maieſtie,
You muſt conſider you are now her ſubiect,
Your tongue is bounded by the awe of dutie,
Fie, fie, I needes muſt chide you, ſince I ſee
You are ſo fawcie with her ſoueraigntie.
Queene. Time was baſe ſpaniell thou didſt fawne as much
On me, as now thou ſtriueſt to flatter her:
O God, that one borne noble ſhould be ſo baſe,
His generous blood to ſcandall all his race.
Lady My Lord, if ſhe continue theſe proude termes,

I giue you libertie to puniſh her.
Ile not maintaine my priſoner and my ſlaue
To raile gainſt any one that honours me.

Enter Morgan and Malgo.

Morg. Health to the Queene, and happines to her
That muſt change ſtates with you, and once more raigne
Queene of this Land.
Queene Speake that againe, ô I will bleſſe my fate,
If once more I ſupply my former ſtate.
Malgo. Long may your highnes liue, your baniſht Lord
Is by his brother *Elidurus* ſeated
Once more in Britaines throne.
Lady O I could teare my haire, baſe *Elidure*
To wrong himſelfe, and make a ſlaue of me.
Queene Now minion, Ile cry quittance with your pride,
And make you ſtoope at our imperiall ſide.
But tell me *Morgan* by what accident
You met with my beloued *Archigallo?*
Morg. Euen in the woods where we did hunt the ſtagge,
There did the tender harted *Elidure*
Meete his diſtreſſed Brother, and ſo wrought
By his importunate ſpeech with all his Peeres,
That after much deniall, yet at laſt
They yeelded their allegiance to your Lord,
Whom now we muſt acknowledge our dread King,
And you our princelie Queene.
Lady Thou Screchowle, Rauen, vglie throated ſlaue,
Theres for thy newes.
Queene Reſtraine her good my Lord.
Sicoph. Fie madam fie, fore God you are too blame
In preſence of my ſoueraigne ladie Queene
To be thus rude, it would become you better
To ſhew more dutie to her Maieſtie.
Lady. O monſtrous, was not I thy Queene but now.

Sicoph. Yes, when your husband was my King you were.
But now the ſtreame is turnd, and the States currant,
Runnes all to *Archigallo*, blame not mee,
Wiſedome nere lou'd declined Maieſtie.

Enter Archigallo crowned, Elidure, Peridure, Vigenius, Cornwell, Martianus, and others.

Queene. VVelcome from baniſhment my louing Lord,
Your kinglie preſence wraps my ſoule to heauen.
Arch. To heauen, and my kind brother *Elidure*,
Faire Queene we owe chiefe thanks for this our greatnes,
Next them, theſe honourable Lords.
Corn. Great Queene,
Once more the tribute of our bended knees
We pay to you, and humbly kiſſe your hand.
Mart. So doth *Martianus*.
Perid. And I.
Vige. And I.
Queene. Our brothers, by how much that name exceedes
The name of Lord, ſo much the more this dutie
Deſerues requitall, thanks both, and thanks to all.
Arch. Set on there. *Exeunt all but Lady & Sicophant*
Sicoph. Madam, you are not wiſe to grieue at that
Heauen hath decreed, and the ſtate yeelded to,
No doubt her Maieſtie will vſe you well.
Lady VVell ſaieſt thou: no I looke that ſhe ſhould treble
All the diſgraces I haue layd on her.
I ſhall turne Laundreſſe now, and learne to ſtarch,
And ſet and poke, and pocket vp ſuch baſenes
As neuer princeſſe did: did you obſerue
What lookes I caſt at *Elidure* my husband?
Sicoph. Your lookes declard the paſſion of your hart,
They were all fire.

Lady

Lady. Would they had burnt his eyes out
That hath eclipſd our ſtate and Maieſtie.

Enter Queene, Morgan, and Malgo.

Queene. Bring hether the proude wife of *Elidure*,
Sicop. It ſhall be done.
Queene Our ſhoe ſtring is vntied, ſtoope minion, ſtoope.
Lady Ile rather ſtoope to death thou moone-like Queene,
New changd, and yet ſo proude: theres thoſe are made
For flexure, let them ſtoope, thus much Ile doe,
You are my Queene, tis but a debt I owe.
Queene Bring me the worke there, I will taske you to,
That by the howre ſpin it, I charge you doe.
Lady A diſtaffe and a ſpindle, ſo indeed
I told you this, *Diana* be my ſpeede.
Morg. Yet for his Princelie worth that made you Queene
Reſpect her as the wife of *Elidure*.

Enter Cornwell.

Cornw. VVheres the Queene?
Queene What newes with *Cornwell*, why ſo ſad my Lord?
Corn. Your husband on the ſuddaine is falne ſicke.
Queene. How; ſicke.
Lady Now if it be thy will, ſweet bleſſed heauen
Take him to mercie.
Quee. Doe not heare her prayers heauen I beſeech thee.

Enter Martianus.

Mart. Madam, his highnes.
Queen. Is he aliue, or dead.
Mart. Dead madam.
Queene O my hart.
Corn. Looke to the Queene, let vs not looſe her to;
She breathes, ſtand of, where be thoſe wemen there,
Good Queene that ſhall be, lends a helping hand,

Helpe

Helpe to vnlace her.

Lady. Ile ſee her burſt firſt.

Queene Now as you loue me let no helping hand
Preſerue life in me, I had rather die
Then looſe the title of my ſoueraigntie.

Lady Take backe your Diſtaffe yet, wele ſtay our rage,
We will forbeare our ſpleene for charitie
And loue vnto the dead, till you haue hearſd
Your husbands bones, conduct her Lords away,
Our pride though eager, yet for foode ſhall ſtay.

Sicoph. Wilt pleaſe your high imperiall Maieſtie
Commaund my ſeruice, I am humbly yours.

Lady We doe commaund what we well know youle doe,
Follow the ſtronger part, and cleaue thereto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elidure crownd, all the Lords and Ladies attendants.

Elidu. Once more our royall temples are ingirt
VVith Brittaines golden wreath, all ſeeing heauen
Witnes I not deſire this ſoueraigntie,
But ſince this kingdoms good, and your Decrees,
Haue laid this heauen loade of common care
On *Elidure*, we ſhall diſcharge the ſame
To your content, I hope, and this Lands fame:
Our brother once interd, we will not ſtay,
But then to Troynovant weele ſpeede, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Porters.

1 Porter Come fellow Porter, now the Court is heere
Our gaines will flie vpon vs like a tide,
Let vs make vſe of time, and whilſt theres plentie
Stirring in Court, ſtill labour to increaſe
The wealth which by our office we haue got.

2 Porter. Out of our large alowance we muſt ſaue
Of thouſands that paſſe by vs, and our office.

we will giue entertainment to No-body.

Enter No-body.

No-body. My name is *No-body*,

1. *Port.* You are welcome ſir, ere you peruſe the court,
Taſt the kings beere, heere at the Porters lodge,
A diſh of beere for maiſter *No-body*.

Nobody. I thanke you ſir.

2. *Port.* Heere maiſter *No-body*, with all my hart,
A full Carouſe, and welcome to our Office.

Nobo. I thanke you ſir, and were your beere tenis water,
Yet No-body would pledge you, to you ſir.

1. *Port.* You are a ſtranger here, how in the Citty,
Haue you bin long in towne.

Nobo. I ſir, too long, vnleſſe my entertaine
Had bin more pleaſing, for my life is ſought,
I am a harmeleſſe well diſpoſ'd plaine man,
That iniure none, yet what ſo ere is done
Amiſſe in London, is impoſ'd on me,
Be it lying, ſecret theft, or any thing
They call abuſe, tis done by No-body,
I am purſued by all, and now am come,
To ſee what ſafety is within the Court
For a plaine fellow.

2. *Por.* You are welcome hether ſir.
Methinkes you do looke wilde, as if you wanted ſufficient
Sleepe.

Nobo. O do not blame me ſir,
Being purſued I fled, comming through Poules,
There No-body kneeld downe to ſay his prayers,
And was deuout I wis, comming through Fleetſtreet,
There at a tauern doore two ſwaggerers
Were fighting, being attacht, twas askt who gaue
The firſt occaſion, twas anſwered *nobody*,
The guilt was laid on me, which made me fly
To the Thems ſide, deſired a Waterman,

To row me thence away to Charing-croſſe,
He askt me for his fare, I anſwered him
I had no money, whats your name quoth he,
I told him No-body, then he bad me welcome,
Said he would carry No-body for nothing.
From thence I went
To ſee the law Courts held at Weſtminſter,
There meeting with a friend, I ſtraight was askt
If I had any ſute, I anſwered, yes,
Marry I wanted money, ſir quoth he,
For you, becauſe your name is *No-body*
I will ſollicit law, and *no-body*
Aſſure your ſelfe, ſhall thriue by ſutes in Law,
I thankt him, and ſo came to ſee the court,
Where I am very much beholding to your kindneſſe.

1. *Port.* And Maiſter *no-body* you are very welcome,
Good fellow lead him to the Hall,
Will you walke neare the court.

Nobo. I thanke you ſir. *Exeunt nobody and Porters.*

Enter Some-body and a Bragart.

Som. Fie what a toile it is to find out *nobody*,
I haue dogd him very cloſe, yet he is got into the court before me.
Sir you haue ſworne to fight with *nobody*,
Do you ſtay heere, and watch at the court gate,
And when you meet him challenge him the field,
Whilſt I ſet Lime-twigs for him in all Offices,
If either you or I, but proſper right,
He needs muſt fall by policy or ſlight. *Exit.*

Brag: I would this roundman *nobody* would come,
I that profeſſe much valor yet haue none,
Cannot but be too hard for *nobody*,
For what can be in *nobody*, vnleſſe
He be ſo cald becauſe he is al ſpirit,
Or ſay he be all ſpirit, wanting limbes,

How

How can this ſpirit hurt me, ſure he dies,
And by his death, my fame ſhall mount the skies.

Enter nobody.

nobody. By thy leaue my ſweet friend,
Theres for thy farewell.

Brag. Stay.

nobo. Thats but one word, let two go to the bargaine if it pleaſe you, why ſhould I ſtay.

Brag. I challenge thee.

no. I may chuſe whither ile anſwer your chalenge by your leaue.

Bra. Ile haue thee pictured as thy picture, vnles thou anſwer me

no. For what ſir, pray why wold you haue me printed.

Brag. For cowardice.

nobo. Methinkes your picture woulde doe better for the picture of cowardice then mine ſir, but pray whats your will with me.

Brag. Thou haſt abuſd one *Soms-body*.

nobo. So haue my betters abuſd Som-body in their time

Brag. Ile fight with thee for that.

no. Alas ſir I am *nobody* at fighting, yet thus much let mee tell you, *nobody* cannot run away, I cannot budge.

Brag. Prepare thee then, for I will ſpit thy body vppon this weapon.

nobo. nay by faith that you cannot, for I haue no bodye.

Brag. Thy bowels then.

no. They are the fairer mark a great deal, com on ſir, come on

Brag. Haue at thy bellie.

nobo. You muſt either hit that or nothing.

Brag. Ile kill and quarter thee.

nobo. Youle hardly find my ioynts I think to quarter me, I am ſo well fed, come on ſir.

Fight nobody is downe,

Brag. now thou art at my mercie.

no. What are you the better to haue *nobody* at your mercy

Brag. Ile kill thee novv.

Nobo. I thinke youle ſooner kill me then any body,
But let me riſe againe.
Brag. No I will let *No-body* riſe.
Nobo. Why then let me ſit, I am No-body.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. How now, O fates, O heauens, is not that my M.
what ſhall I do, be valiant. and reskue my ſweet maiſter,
Auant thou Pagan, Pug, what ere thou be,
Behold I come to ſet thy priſoner free.
Brag. Fortune that giddy Goddeſſe hath turnd her wheel,
I ſhall be matcht, thus will I gore you both. Hold captains,
not *Hercules* himſelfe would fight with two, I yeeld.
Clown. Twas yoor beſt courſe, down vaſſall down, and kiſſe
My pumpe.
Brag. Tis baſe, O baſe.
Clow. Zounds, ile naile thy lips to limbo vnleſſe thou kis.
Brag. Tis done.
Nobo. Thanks honeſt ſeruant.
Clow. Zounds if I ſay ile doet, ile doet indeed.
Nobo. For this ile carry thee into the Court,
Where thou ſhalt ſee thy Maiſter No-body
Hath friends will bid him welcome, ſo farewell,
Clown. Farewell maiſter Braggart, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brag. Ile follow, I ſhall meet with Some-body,
That will reuenge, ile plot and ert be long
Ile be reuengd on No-body for this wrong. *Exit.*

Enter Vigenius Peridure and the Queene.

Queene. Your hopes are great faire brothers, and your
names, ſhall if in this you be aduiſd by vs,
Be rankt in ſcroule of all the Brittiſh kings,
Oh take vpon you this ſo weighty charge,
To great to be diſcharged by Elidure.
Vig. Deere ſiſter Q. how are we bound to you,
In neerer bonds then a fraternall league,

For

For this your royall practiſe to raiſe vs,
Vnto the height of honor and eſtate,
Let me no longer breath a prince on earth,
Or thinke me woorthy of your regall blood,
If we imbrace not this high motion.
Perid. Imbrace it brother, we are all on ſpeed,
My princely thought inflam'd with Ardency
Of this imperiall ſtate, and Scepterd rule,
My kinglie browes, itch for a ſtately Crowne,
This hand to beare a round Monarchall Globe,
This the bright ſword of Iuſtice, and ſtern aw,
Deere ſiſter you haue made me all on fire,
My kingly thoughts, beyond their bounds aſpire.
Vig. How ſhall we quit your loue, when we aſcend
The ſtate of *Elydure*.
Queen. All that I craue,
Is but to make the imperious Queene my ſlaue,
That ſhe that aboue Iuſtice now commands,
May taſt new thraldome at our royall hands.
Perid. The Queene is yours, the king ſhalbe depoſ'd,
And ſhe diſgraded from all Soueraignty.
Queen. That I might liue to ſee that happy houre,
To haue that ſterne commandreſſe in my power.
Vig. Shees doomd alreadie, and at your diſpoſe,
And we prepard for ſpeedy execution,
Of any plot that may availe our pompe,
Or throne vs in the ſtate of Brittany.

Enter Morgan and Mallgo.

Perid. Heere comes the Lords of this pretended league,
How goes our hope, ſpeake valiant Engliſh Peeres,
Are we in way of Soueraignty, or ſtill ſtand we
Subiects vnto the aw of *Elidure*.
Mor. Long liue the valiant brothers of the King,
With mutuall loue to weare the *Britiſh* Crowne,

Two

Two thouſand Souldiors haue I brought from Wales,
to wait vpon the princely *Perydure*.
Malg. As many of my bold confederates
Haue I drawne from the South to ſweare allegiance,
to young *Vigenius*.
Vig. Do but call me king,
the charming Spheres ſo ſweetly cannot ſing.
Malg. To king *Vigenius*.
Vig. Oh but wheres our Crowne,
that make knees humble, when their ſoueraignes frowne.
Mal. King *Eliduras* ſhall his ſtate reſigne.
Perid. Say *Morgan* ſo, and *Britains* rule is mine.
Mor. king *Peridure* ſhall raigne.
Perid. And ſit in ſtate.
Mor. And thouſand ſubiects on his glory waite.
Perid. Then they that lifts vs to the imperiall ſeate,
Our powers and will ſhall ſtudy to make great.
Vig. And thou that raiſeſt vs, as our beſt friend,
Shall as we mount the like degrees aſcend.
Queen. When will you giue the attempt.
Perid. Now royall ſiſter.
Before the king haue notice of our plot,
Before the Lords that loue his gouernment,
Prepare their oppoſition.
Vig. Well determined,
And like a king in *Eſſe*, now this night,
Lets make a hoſtile vprore in the Court
Surprize the king, make ceazure of the Crowne,
Lay hands vpon the Counſell, leaſt they ſcape
to leuy forces, thoſe Lords
that ſerue the king, and with auſtere reproofes,
puniſh the hatefull vices of the Land,
Muſt not awe vs, they ſhall not raigne, we wil,
thoſe that applaud vs, raiſe, deſpiſe vs, kill,
Perid. I ſee a kind of ſtate appeare already
In thy maieſtick brow, cal in the ſouldiors,

Man

Man the Court gates, barricade al the ſtreets,
Defend the waies, the lands and paſſages,
And girt the pallace with a treble wall
Of armed ſouldiors, and in dead of night,
When all the peeres ly drownd in golden ſleepe,
Sound out a ſodaine and a ſhrill Alarum,
to maze them in the midſt of horrid dreames.
Vig. The king and Crowne is ours.
Q. The Queen I claime.
Perid. It ſhal go hard, but I the ſhrew will tame,
trumpets and drums, your dreadfull clamors ſound.
Vig. Proclaime me captiue, or a king new crownd.

Alarum, they watche the doores, Enter at one doore Cornwell.

Corn. Treaſon, treaſon.
Perid. thou art mine what ere thou be.
Corn. Prince Peridure.
Perid. I Cornwell and thy king.
Corn. He diſcords taught, that taught thee to ſing.

Alarum Enter at another doore Martianus.

Mar. Who ſtops this paſſage.
Vig. *Martianus* we.
Mar. *Vigenius*?
Vig. Vnto whom thou oweſt thy knee.
Mar. My knee to none, but *Eludure* ſhall bend.
Vig. Our raign beginning hath when his lines end.

Alarum, Enter at another doore Elydure, ſtopt by the Queene.

Lady What traitrous hand dares interdict our way?
Queene. Why that dare ours, tis we command thee ſtaie.

Lady.

Lady. Are we not Queene?
Queene. Iſt you, then happily met,
I haue owed you long, and now Ile pay that dept.
Lady. Vild traitreſſe, dareſt, thou lay a violent handon vs thy Queene?
Queene. We dare commaund thee ſtand,
Thou waſt a Queene, but now thou art a ſlaue.
Lady. Before ſuch bondage, graunt me heauen a graue.

Alarum Enter Elidure.

Elidure. What ſeeke ye Lords? What meane theſe loud Alarums, in the ſtill ſilence of this hunnied night?
Perid. King we ſeeke thee.
Vig. And more we ſeeke thy Crowne.
Elidure. Why Princely brothers is it not our owne,
That tis ours we plead the law of kings,
The guiſt of heauen, and the antiquety on earth,
Election from them both.
Vig. We plead our powers & ſtrength, we two muſt raign.
Perid. We were borne to rule, and homage we diſdaine.
Corn. Doe not reſigne, good King.
Perid. How ſaucy Lord?
Corn. Ile keepe ſtill thy Crowne.
Perid. I ſay that word ſhall coſt old *Cornwels* life.
Corn. Tuſh this for care.
Tirants good ſubiects kills and traitors ſpare.
Vig. Wilt thou ſubmit thy Crowne?
Mar. Dread ſoueraigne, no.
Vig. He hates his owne life that aduiſeth ſo.
Mar. I hate all traitors, and had rather die,
Then ſee ſuch wrong done to his ſoueraignty.
Queen. Giue vp thy ſtate to theſe two princely youthes, and thy reſigment ſhal preſerue thy life.
Lady. Wilt thon ſo much wrong both thy ſelfe and wife?
Haſt liued a king, and canſt thou die a ſlaue,
A royal ſeat, doth aske a royall graue,

Though

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Though thouſand ſwords thy preſent ſafety ring,
Thou that haſt bin a Monarche, dye a king.

Queen. Whether he liue or dye, thou ſure ſhalt be no longer Queene, but Vaſſaſle vnto me, Ile make ye now my drudge.

Lady. How mynion, thine?

Queene. Thart no more Queen, thy husband muſt reſigne.

Corn. Reſigne, to whom?

Perid. I am one.

Vig. And I another.

Lady. Canſt be ſo baſe to ſee a younger brother,
Nay two young Boyes plaſt in thy throne of ſtate,
And thou their ſodaine in their traines to waite,
Ile dye before I endure it.

Perid. So ſhall all,
that doe not proſtrate to our homage fall.
Shall they not brother king?

Vig. They ſhall by heauen.

Mar. Come kill me firſt.

Corn. Nay make the number euen,
And kill me to, for I am pleaſd to dye,
Rather then this indure.

Lady. The third am I.

Queene. Nay ſtrike her firſt.

Perid. Rage giue my fury way.

Vig. Strike valiant brother king.

Elid. Yet heare me, ſtay.

Perid. Be briefe for Gods ſake then,

Elidure. O heauen, that men ſo much ſhould couet care,
Septers are golden baites, the outſides faire:
But he that ſwallowes this ſweete ſugred pill,
Twill make him ſicke with troubles that grow ſtil:
Alaſſe you ſeeke to eaſe me being wearied
And lay my burthen on your able loines,
My vnambitious thoughts haue bin long tird,

With this great charge, and now they reſt deſird,
And ſee the kinde youths coueting my peace,
Bring me of all theſe turmoiles free releaſe.
Heere take my Crown.
Lady Wilt thou be made a ſtale,
Shall this proud Woman, and theſe boyes preuaile?
Shal I for them be made a publike ſcorne,
Oh hadſt thou buried bin, aſſoone as borne,
How happy had I bin.
Elid. Patience ſweete wife,
Thinkſt thou I praiſe my Crowne aboue thy life,
No take it Lords, it hath my trouble bin,
And for this Crowne, oh giue me backe my Queene.
Queene. Nay ſhes beſtowed on me.
Elydure. Then what you pleaſe,
Heere take my trouble, and reſigne your eaſe.
Sceph. My Lords receiue the crowne of Elydure,
Faire hopefull bloſſoms of our future peace,
Happy am I, that *I* but liue to ſee,
the Land ruld by your dubble Soueraignty.
Vig. Now let the king diſcend to be diſpoſd of
At our high pleaſure, come giue me the Crowne.
perid. Why you the Crown, good brother more then we.
vig. Weele proue it how it fits our kingly temples,
And how our brow becomes a wreath ſo faire.
perid. Shall *I* ſee you crownd, and my ſelfe ſtand bare,
Rather this wreath maieſtick let me try,
And ſit inthrond, in pompious Maieſty.
vig. And *I* attend, whilſt you aſcend the throne,
Where had we right, we ſhould ſit crownd alone.
perid. Alone, darſt thou vſurpe vpon my right.
vig. I durſt do much, had *I* but power and might,
But wanting that, come let vs raigne togither,
both kings, and yet the rich crowne worne by neither.
perid. Content, the king doth on our ſentence waite,

To

To doome him, come lets take our dubble ſtate,
What ſhall he liue, or dye ?
Elid. I know not how I ſhould deſerue to dye.
Lady. Yes to let two ſuch vſurpers liue.
Sicoph. Nay *Madam*, now *I* needes muſt tell your grace,
You wrong theſe kings, forget both time and place,
It is not as it was, now you muſt bowe,
Vnto this dubble ſtate ile ſhew you how.
Lady. Baſe flattring groome ſlauiſh paraſite,
Vig. Shall I pronounce his ſentence.
Perid. Brother doe.
Vig. Thy life we graunt thee and that Womans to,
But liue deuided you within the tower,
You priſoner to that princeſſe.
Lady. In her power,
Oh dubble ſlauery.
Perid. Conuay both hence.
Elid. My doomes ſeuerer then my ſmall offence.
Queene. Come Minion, will you goe.
Lady. To death, to hel,
Rather then in thy baſe ſubiection dwell.
Vig. Cornwell and *Martianus* you both ſee,
We are poſſeſt of this imperiall ſeate,
And you that were ſworne liedgemen to the Crowne,
Should now ſubmit to vs that owe the ſame,
We know without your graue ditections,
We cannot with experience guide the land,
Therefore weele ſtudy to deſerue your loues.
Perid. Twas not ambition, or the loue of ſtate,
that drew vs to this buſineſſe, but the feare,
Of *Eliduras* weakeneſſe whom in zeale,
To the whole land we haue depoſd this day,
ſpeake, ſhall we haue your loues?
corn. My lords, and Kings,
Tis bootleſſe to contend gainſt heauen and you,

Since without our conſent the kings deſpoſd,
And we vnable to ſupport his fall,
Rather then the whole land ſhould ſhrinke,
You ſhall haue my aſſyſtance in the ſtate.
Mar. Cornwell and I will beare the ſelfe ſame ſtate.
Perid. We now are Kings indeede and *Brittaine* ſway,
When *Cornwell* and his brother *Vue* ſay
Vig. Receiue our grace, keepe ſtill your offyces,
Imbrace theſe peeres that raiſd vs to the throne,
Brittaine reioice, and Crowne this happy yeare,
Two ſonnes at once ſhine in thy royall ſphere.
Corn. And thats prodigious, I but waite the time
To ſee their ſodaine fall that ſwiftly clime.
Mar. My Lord much honor might you win your land
To giue releaſe vnto your ſiſter Queene,
Being a Lady in the land beloud.
Vig. You haue aduiſd vs well, it ſhall be ſo.
Corn. Shold you ſet free the Princeſſe might not ſhe
Make vprors in the land, and raiſe the Commons.
In the releaſment of the Captiue King.
Perid. Well counſeld *Cornwell*, ſhe ſhall liue in bondage.
Mar. Renowne your ſelfe by being kind to her.
Corn. Secure your ſtate by her impriſonment.
Vig. Weele haue the Queene ſet free.
Perid. Weele haue her guarded,
With ſtricter keeping and ſeuerer charge.
Mar. Will you be braued by one thats but your equall,
Hauing no more then party gouernment.
Corn. Or you be ſcornd by one to you inferior,
In generall eſtimation of the land.
vig. Set free the Princeſſe, ſay the king commaunds.
Perid. Keepe her in thraldome ſtill, and captiue bands.
vig. Weele not be contermaunded.
perid. Sir nor we.
vig. Before Ile be halfe a king and contrould

In

In any regality, ile hazard all,
Ile be compleat or none.
Perid. Before ile ſtand,
Thus for a Cipher with my halfe command,
Ile venture all my fortunes, how now pride,
Percht on my vpperhand.
Corn. By heauen well ſpyed.
vig. Tis ours by right, and right we will inioy.
perid. Claimſt thou preheminence, com down proud boy
vig. Then lets try maiſtries, and one conquer all,
We climd at once, and we at once will fall.

They wraſtle and are parted

peri. They that loue Peridure deuide themſelues vppon their part.
Corn. That am I.
Mor. and I.
vig. They that loue vs on this ſide.
Mar. I.
Mal. And I.
vig. Then to the field, to ſet our ſiſter free.
perid. By all my hopes with her ile captiue thee.
vig. Trumpets and Drums, triumphant muſick ſing.
perid. this day a captiue, or a compleat king. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, Enter Some-body and Sicophant.

Somb. Sir you haue ſworne to manage theſe affaires,
Euen with your beſt of iudgement.

Enter Clowne.

Sicoph. I haue prouided, you will let me ſhare,
Of the Grand-benefit you get by dice,
Deceitfull Cards, and other cozening games
you bring into the Court.

C. O rare, now ſhall I find out crab, ſom notable knauery
Somb. You ſhall haue equall ſhare with *Somebody*,
Prouided, you will help to apprehend that *Nobody*,
On whom the guilt ſhall lye,
Of all thoſe cheting tricks I haue deuiſd.
C. O the fates, treaſon againſt my m. perſon, but I beleeue
Somb. wil pay ſort, ile tickle your long waſt for this ifaith,
Sico. Giue me ſome bales of dice. What are theſe?
ſom. Thoſe are called high Fulloms.
Clo. Ile Fullom you for this.
ſom. Thoſe low Fulloms.
C. They may chance bring you as hie as the Gallowes.
ſom. Thoſe Demi-bars. (the gallows.
clow. Great reaſon you ſhovld come to the barre before
ſom. Thoſe bar Sizeaces.
Clo. A couple of Aſſes indeed.
ſom. Thoſe Briſle dice.
clo. Tis like they briſle, for I am ſure theile breed anger
ſicop. Now ſir, as you haue compaſt all the Dice,
So I for cards. Theſe for the game at maw,
All ſaving one, are Cut next vnder thar,
Lay me the Ace of Harts, then cut the Cards,
O your fellow muſt needs haue it in his firſt tricke.
clow. Ile teach you a trick for this yfaith.
ſicop. theſe for Premero cut vpon the ſides,
As thr other on the ends.
clow. Marke the end of all this.
ſicop. theſe are for poſt and paire, theſe for ſaunt,
theſe for new cut.
clown. theile make you cut a fether one day,
ſico. Well, theſe diſperſt, and No-body
Attacht for all theſe crimes, ſhalbe hangd.
clow. I or els you ſhall hange for him,
ſico. Come, ſhals about our buſines.
ſom. Content, lets ſtraight abont it. *Exeunt*
clow. O my hart, that it was my fortune to heare all thys,

but

but beware a lucky man whilſt you liue, Alaſſe if I had not reſcued my maiſter, the ſwaggering fellowe woulde haue made No-body of him. Againe if I had not ouerheard this treaſon to his perſon, theſe Cunnicatching knaues, woulde haue made leſſe then Nobody of him. For indeed they wold haue hangd him, but heeres my maiſter, O ſweet maiſter how cheere you?

Enter No-body.

Nobo. O excellent, admirable, and beyond compariſon, I thinke my ſhape inchants them.

clo. I think not ſo, for if I wer a Lady, I ſhould neuer abide you: but Maiſter, I can tell you rare newes, you muſt be apprehended, for a Cheater, a Cozener, a Libiller, and I know not what.

Nobo. Not I, I am an innocent, no Cheater, no Cozener, but a ſimple honeſt man, hunted from place to place by *ſome-body*.

clo. tis true ſir, it is one *ſom.* that would attach you, therfore Looke to your ſelfe, but Mai. if you be tooke neuer feare, I heard all their knauery, and I can cleare you I warrant.

Enter Some-body and officers.

Som. O haue I found you, this is he my frends,
We haue long ſought, you know when twas inquird,
Who brought the falſe Dice, and the cheating cards
Into the court, twas anſwered *No-body*.

Clo. No. (qd. tha) I am affraid youle proue the knaue *ſom.*

ſom. Lay hold vpon him, beare him to the priſon.

No. To priſon, ſay you well, if I be guilty,
this fellow is my partner take him to.

ſom. Are you confederate in this treaſon ſirra?

clo. If I be not ſir *ſome-body* is, but if I be guilty I muſt beare it off with head and ſhoulders.

ſom. To priſon with them, now the bird is caught,

For

For whom ſo long, through *Britaine* haue I ſought.
Clow. I beleeue I haue a bird in a box, ſhal catcht you for all this.
Someb. Away with them I ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſeuerally Peridure, Vigenius, Cornewell, Martianus, Morgan, Malgo, with drum and Coulors.

Vig. In Armes well met, ambitious *Peridure,*
Perid. Vigenius thou ſalutes me with a title,
Moſt proper to thy ſelfe,
Vig. Art thou not proud.
Perid. Onely to meet thee on this bed of death,
Wherein the Title to the Engliſh Crowne,
Shall periſh with thy ſelfe.
Vig. Faire is the end
Of ſuch as die in honourable warre,
Oh far more faire, then on a bed of downe.
Mar. Warre is the ſouldiors harueſt it cuts downe.
Perid. The liues of ſuch as hinder our renowne.
Vig. Such as are apt for tumult.
Perid. Such as you,
That to our lawfull Soueraigne are vntrue.
Vig. Bluſhes not *Peridure* to braue vs ſo.
Perid. Bluſhes *Vigenius* at thy ouerthrow,
Who waſt that told me he would ſubmit.
Sicoph. Twas I my Lord.
Vig. Peace foole thou doeſt forget,
Tis not an hower ſince, to our princely eare,
Thou ſaidſt thou did deſire vs to forbeare.
Sicoph. True my good Lord.
Perid. True that I ſought to ſtay.
vig. That I would baſely my ritcht hopes betray.
Sico. I did it of mine owne head to make you friends.
Perid. Still playing of the Sicophant.

vig.

Vig. What ſtill.
Perid. A gloſe *I* ſee to inſinuate our goodwill.
Vig. That whoſoeuer conquerd, he might gaine.
Perid. the fauour of vs both, that was his trayne.
Vig. But henceforth we caſhiere thee from the filde.
Perid Neuer heereafter beare a ſouldiers ſhield,
A ſouldiers ſword, nor any other grace,
But what is like thine owne, a doubble face.
sicoph. Now I beſeech *Ione* heare my praier, let them bee both ſlaine in the battell. *Exit.*
Perid. If there be any other of his hart,
We giue them free licence to depart.
corn. Cornwell hates flattery.
Mar. So does *Martianus*.
Malg. *Malgo* is reſolute for all affaires.
Morg. And ſo is *Morgan*, for he ſcornes delayes.
Vig. then where the fielde conſiſts of ſuch a ſpirit,
He that ſubdues conquers the Crowne by merit.
perid. thats I.
Vig. tis I.
Perid. Ryuers in blood declare it.
Vig. Graſſe turne to Crimſon if *vigenius* ſpare it.
Elid. Aire be made purple with our reaking gore.
vige. Follow my frends.
Perid. Conquer or neare giue ore.

Alarum, Excurſions, peridueras, and vigenius fight, and both ſlaine.
Enter cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and Malgo.

Mar. this way *I* ſaw *vigenius* on the ſpur.
corn. *I peridueras*, this way.
Morg. A ſtrang fight, my Lord is breathleſſe.
Malg. My deare Lord is dead.

Mar. True Brothers in ambition, and in death,
Corn. Yet we are enemies, why fight we not
With one another, for our generals loſſe.
Mar. To much blood already hath beene ſpent,
Now therefore ſince the difference in themſelues,
Is reconſiled in eithers ouerthrow,
Let vs be as we were before this Iar,
And ioyning hands like honorable frends,
Inter their bodyes as becomes them ſtate,
And which is rare once more to *Eldure*,
Who now in priſon leades a wearied life,
With true ſubmiſſion offer Englands Crowne.
Of all the charges of tumultuous fate,
This is moſt ſtrange three times to flow in ſtate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene and Sicophant.

Sico. Madam.
Queene. You are welcome, what new flatteries,
Are a coyning in the mint of that ſmoth face?
Sicoph. Where is the Lady *Elidor*? I ſay.
Q. Amongſt my other waiting maides at worke.
sicoph. 'Tis well, yet *Madam* with your gratious leaue
I wiſh it better.
Queene. What in loue with her,
Canſt thou affect ſuch a deiected wretch,
Then I perceiue thy flattery is folly,
Or thout proue honeſt, loſing one ſo poore.
Sico. I know not *Madam* what your highneſſe gathers
Out of my troubled words, I loue you well,
And though the time ſhould alter, as I am ſure,
It is impoſſible, yet I would follow
All your misfortunes with a patient hart.
Queene. I haue ſeene too much of thee to credit thee.
Sico. Now in your height of glory vſe your ſeruant,

Now

now *Madam*, whilſt the noble *Peridure*
That loues you dearer then the Brittiſh Crowne,
Whilſt hees conqueror, vſe me to deſtroy
Your greateſt enemy, and I will doe it.
Queene. Thou wilt not.
ſicoph. Be it *Elidure* the king,
The priſoner I ſhould ſay, Ide murder him,
To ſhew how much I loue your maieſty.
Q. Thou wouldſt not poyſon for me his baſe Queene,
Whom I ſo often haue triumphed ore,
That torment now is her beatitude,
And tedious vnto me.
ſico. no more, ſhes dead.

Enter Lady Elidure.

queene. See where ſhe comes, diſpatch her preſendy,
For though the Princely *Peridure* be king,
His brothers death in time will make him odious
Vnto his ſubiects, and they may reſtore
Mild *Elidure* againe, and then I dye,
ſico. Withdraw, ſhes dead, as ſurely as you liue.
Lady. What ſhall I neuer from this ſeruitude
Receiue releaſant eu'ermore be plagu'd,
With this inſulting Queen? Is there no change,
no other alteration in the ſtate
I know there is not, I am borne to be
a ſlaue, to one baſer then ſlauery
sico. I will releaſe you by a ſpeedy death.
Lady. By death, alaſſe, what tongue pronounſt that word?
What my Lord weather-cocke? nay then *I* ſee,
Death in thy mouth is but baſe flattery.
ſico. *By* heauen I am ſent to kill you.
Lady. By whoſe meanes.
sico. By one that will anouch it when tis done.
Lady, not the proud queene.

ſico. Yes, but *I* am determined
in full amends for all my flattery,
to ſaue your life, and kill her inſtantly.
La. Oh if a Diuell would vndertake that deed,
I card not though ſhe heard me, *I* would ſay,
He were a ſtarre more glorious then the day.
sicoph. And would you for that good deed pardon me.
Lady. And quite all former iniury.
sicoph. But let me tell your highnes by the way,
the Queene is not ſo haſty of your death.
Lady. no, for ſhe had rather haue my life prolongd.
sicoph. *I* do aſſure your highnes on mine honor,
When I did ſay ſhe ſent me to deſtroy you,
I ſlaunderd her great mercy towards you,
For ſhe had giuen me order to releaſe you.
Lady Oh monſtrous lie.
sicoph. beleeue it, for tis true:
And this moreouer, ſhe ſomuch repents
Her former pride and hardnes towards you,
that ſhe could wiſh it neuer had bin done.
Lady. then *I* repent me of my wrongs towards her,
And in the ſtead of a reward propoſd
to him that ſhould deſtroy her, *I* do wiſh,
Death be his death, that vndertakes the deed.
sicoph. but will you not forget theſe princelie words,
if any alteration ſhould enſue.
Lady. not I, I in my oths am true.
sicoph. Except once more the Lords crowne *Elydure.*
Lady, though that ſhould chance, ile hold my promiſe ſure.
sicoph. And you too Madam.
Q. So thou muderſt hir.
sico. Know that Lord *peridurus* and his
brother, are in the battell ſlaine, and by the nobles,
her husband Elidure raiſd to the ſtate,
ſetting aſide all ieſting, Queene beleeue it.

And

And truce with her, leaſt ſhe triumph againe.

Queen. For Gods ſake make vs friends.

Sicoph. Good Lord how ſtrange this reconciled foes behold each other.

Lady. Siſter.

Queen. Kind ſiſter.

Sicoph. Then make me your brother, ſay are you friends.

Both. We are.

Sicoph. Then chance what can,
in this I haue prooud my ſelfe an honeſt man.

Enter Malgo.

Malgo. The king your husband, madam new releaſt,
Deſires your preſence at his Coronation.

Lady. My *Elydure* a third time to be crownd.

Mal. True Madam, and expects your company.

Lady. And you knew this before.

Sicoph. No on mine honor.

Lady. Neither you Siſter.

Queene. neither.

Lady. If you did
My oath is paſt, and what I haue lately ſworne ile hold inuiolate, here all ſtryfe ends, thy wit has made two proude ſhrewes perfect friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter in ſtate, Eldure, Cornwell, Martianus, Morgan, and all the Lords.

Corn. A third time liue our gratious ſoueraigne
Monarch of England, crowned by theſe hands.

Elid. A third time Lords, I do returne your loue,
And wiſh it with my ſoule, ſo heauen were pleaſd,
My ambitious Brothers had not died for this,
But we haue giuen them honorable graues.

Enter Queen and Lady.

And mournd their moſt vntimely funerall,
My loued Queen, come ſeat thee by my ſide,
Partner in all my ſorrowes and my ioyes,
And you her reconciled Siſter ſir,
By her in ſecond place of maieſty,
It ioyes me that you haue outworne your pride.

Lady. Methinks my gratious husband and my King,
I neuer tooke more pleaſure in my glaſſe,
Then I receiue in her ſociety.

Queen. Nor I in all my ſtate as in her loue.

Elid. My Lord of *Cornwell*, whoſe that whiſpers to you?
Or whats the newes?

Corn. My liege, he tels me heeres a great contention
betwixt two noted perſons of the Land
much ſpoke of by all ſtates, one *some-body*
Hath brought before your highnes and this preſence,
An infamous and ſtrange opiniond fellow,
Cald *No-body*, they would intreat your highnes,
To heare their matters ſcand.

Elid. Weele ſit in perſon on their controuerſies,
Admit them *Cornwell*.

Lady. Is that ſtrange monſter tooke, ſomuch renownd,
In Citty, Court, and Country, for lewd prancks.
Tis well, weel heare how he can purge himſelfe.

Enter some-body, bringing in No-body and his man, with Billes and ſtaues.

Som. now ſirrha we haue brought you before the king,
Wheres your hart now?

Nob. My harts in my hoſe, but my face was neuer aſha-
med to ſhew it ſelfe, yet before king or Keyſer.

Som. And wheres your hart ſirrha?

Clow.

Clowne. My harts lower then my hoſe, for mine it at my heel, but wherſoeuer it is, it is a true hart, and ſo is not *somb.*

som. Health to your Maieſtie, and to the Queene,
With a hart lower then this humble earth
whereon I kneele. I beg againſt this fellow,
Iuſtice my liege.

Eli. Againſt whom.

som. Againſt *No-body.*

No. My liege, his words wel ſute vnto his thoughts,
He wiſhes no man Iuſtice, being compoſd
Of all deceit, of ſubtilty and ſlight,
For mine own part, if in this royall preſence,
And before all theſe true iudiciall Lords,
I cannot with ſincerenes cleare my ſelfe,
Of all ſuggeſtions falſly coynd againſt me,
Let me be hangd vp ſunning in the ayre,
And made a ſcar-crow.

Mar. Lets heare his accuſations,
And then how well thou canſt aquit thy ſelfe.

som. Firſt, when this monſter made his reſidence
Within the country, and diſperſt his ſhape
Through euery ſhire and country of the Land,
Where plenty had before a quiet ſeat,
And the poore commons of the Land were full,
With rich abundance and ſaciety,
At his ariue, great dearths and ſcarſity,
By ingroſing corne, and racking poore mens rents.
This makes ſo many poore and honeſt Farmers,
to ſell their leaſes, and to beg their bread,
this makes ſo many beggers in the Land.

Corn. I but what proofe or lawfull euidence
Can you bring forth, that this was done by him.

som. My Lord I traſt him, and ſo found him out,
But ſhould your Lordſhip not beleeue my proofe,
Examine all the rich and wealthy chuffes,

Whoſe

Whoſe full cramd Garners to the rooſes are fild,
In euery dearth who makes this ſcarſitye,
And euery man will clearely quit himſelfe,
Then conſequently, it muſt be *No-body*.
Baſe copper money is ſtampt, the mint diſgraſt,
Make ſearch who doth this, euery man cleares one,
So conſequently it muſt be *No-body*.
Beſides, whereas the nobles of the land,
And Gentlemen built goodly manner houſes,
Fit to receiue a King, and all his traine,
And there kept royall hoſpitality,
Since this inteſtine monſter *No-body*,
Dwels in theſe goodly houſes keepes no traine,
A hundred Chimnies, and not one caſt ſmoke,
And now the cauſe of theſe, mock-beggers Hal,
Is this they, are dwelt in by *No-body*,
For this out of the countrey he was chaſt.

No. My royall liedge whie am I thus diſgraſt,
Ile proue that ſlandrous wretch hath this al done.

Elid. Tis good you can acquit you, ſuch abuſes,
Growe in the countrey, and vnknowne to vs:
nay then no maruell that ſo manie poore,
ſtarue in the ſtreets and beg from doore, to doore.
Then ſirha purge you from this countrey blame,
Or we will make thee the worlds publike ſhame.

Corn. now *No-body*, vvhat can you ſay to this.

Clo. My M. hath good cards, on his ſide Ile vvarant him.

No. my Lord, you knovv that ſlanders are no prooſes,
nor vvords without their preſent euidence,
If things were done, they muſt be done by *some-body*,
Elſe could they haue no being. Is corne hoorded,
some-body hords it, elſe it would be delt,
In mutuall plentie throughout all the land,
Are their rents raiſd, if *No-body* ſhould doe it,
then ſhould it be vndone. Is

Baſe

Baſe money ſtampt, and the kings letters forgd,
Some-body needes muſt doe it, therefore not I,
And where he ſaies, great houſes long ſince built,
Lye deſtitute, and waſt becauſe inhabited,
By *No-body* my liedge, I anſwer thus,
If Some-body dwelt therein, I would giue place.
Or wold he but alow thoſe chimnies fire,
They would caſt cloudes to heauen, the Kitchin-foode
It would releeue the poore, the ſellers beere,
It would make ſtrangers drinke, but he commits
Theſe outragies then laies the blame on me,
And for my good deeds I am made a ſcorne.
I onely giue the tired a refuge ſeat,
The vnclothd garments, and the ſtarued meate.

Clow. How ſay you by this maiſter Some-body. I beleeue you will be found out by and by.

Corn. If this be true my liedge, as true it is,
Some-body will be found an arrant cheater,
Vnleſſe he better can acquit himſelfe.

Sich. Touch him with the citty, ſince you haue taken the foile in the Countrey.

Mar. Sirha, what can you ſay to this?

Someb. What ſhould I ſaie my Lord, ſee heare complaints,
Made in the citty againſt *no-body*,
Aſwell as in the country. See their bils,
Heeres one complaines his wife hath bin abroad,
And asking where ſhe reuels night, by night,
She anſwers ſhe hath bin with *no-body*.
Heares queanes maintaind in euery ſuburb ſtreete,
Aske who maintaines them, and tis *no-body*.
Watches are beaten and Conſtables are ſcoft,
In dead of night men are made drunke in tauernes,
Girles looſe their maiden heads at thirteene yeares,
Pockets pickt, and purſes cut in throngs.

Queene. Inough, inough, doth *no-body* all this?

Though he hath cleard himſelfe from country crimes,
He cannot ſcape the citty.
No. Yes dread Queene,
I muſt confeſſe theſe things are daily done,
For which *I* heere accuſe this Some-body,
That euery where with ſlaunders dogs my ſteps,
And cunningly aſſumes my borrowed ſhape,
Women lie out, if they be tooke and found
with *somebody*, then *No-body* goes cleere,
Elſe the blames mine, he doth theſe faults vnknowne,
then ſlanders my chaſt innocence for proofe.
somebody doth maintaine a common ſtrumpet
ith Garden-allies, and vndid himſelfe.
somebody ſwaggered with the watch laſt night,
was carried to the counter.
somebody once pickt a pocket in this Play-houſe yard,
Was hoyſted on the ſtage, and ſhamd about it.
Clow. Ha, ha, hath my maiſter met with you.
no. Alaſſe my liege, your honeſt No-bodie
Builds Churches in theſe dayes, and Hoſpitals,
Releeues the ſeuerall priſons in the Citty,
Redeemes the needy debtor from the hole,
And when this *somebody* brings infant children,
And leaues them in the night at ſtrangers doores,
Nobody fathers them, prouides them nurſes,
What ſhould I ſay, your highnes loue I craue,
That am all iuſt.
corn. Then *somebodies* a knaue.
sicoph. If neyther citty nor countrie wil preuaile to him,
with the court ma. *somebody*, and there you will match him.
som. Then touching his abuſes in the court.
corn. I marrie Nobody what ſay you to this,
See, heere are dangerous Libils gainſt the ſtate,
And no name to them, therefore *nobodies.*
Mar. Beſides ſtrange rumors and falſe buzzing tales,

Of mutinous leesings raisd by *No-body.*

Malg. False dice and Cheating brought euen to the presence. and who dares be so impudently knauish,
Vnlesse some fellow of your name and garbe.

Morg. Cards of aduantage with such cheating tricks,
Brought euen amongst the noblest of the land,
And when these cosening shifts are once discouered,
There is no cheater found saue No-body.

som. How canst thou answer these.

nobo. Euen as the rest,
Are libels cast, if *nobody* did make them,
And *no-bodies* name to them, they are no libels,
For he that sets his name to any slander,
Makes it by that no libell, this aproues
He forgd those slanderous writs to scandall me.
And for false cards, and dice, let my great slops
And his big bellied dublet both be sercht,
And see which harbors most hipocrisie.

queene. Let them both be sercht.

fico. Ile take my leaue of the presence.

Clow. nay M. *sycophant* weele haue the inside of your pockets translated to, weele see what stuffyng they haue, *Ile* take a little paines with you.

Elid. What haue you there in *nobodyes* pockets.

Corn. Here are my liedge bonds forfeit by poore men,
Which he releast out of the vsurers hands,
And canceld. Leases likewise forfeited,
By him repurchast. These peticions,
Of many poore men to preferre their sutes,
Vnto your highnesse.

Elid. Thou arte *Iust* we know,
All great mens pockets should be lined so.

queene. What bumbast beares his gorge.

Morg. False Cards, false Dice;
The kings hand counterfeit,

Bonds put in ſute to gaine the forfitures,
forgd deedes to cheate men of their ancient land,
And thouſand ſuch like traſhe.

Clo. Nay looke you heere, heares one that for his bones is pretily ſtuft. Heares fulloms and gourds: heeres tall-men & low-men. Heere trayduce ace, paſſedge comes a pace.

som. Mercy great King.

Sicoph. Mercy my Soueraigne.

Corn. My liedge you cannot to be ſeuere in puniſhing,
Thoſe monſtrous crimes, the onely ſtaine and blemiſh
To the weale-publike.

Eli. Villaines heare your doome,
Thou that haſt bin the oppreſſyon of the poore,
Shalt bee more poore then penury it ſelfe,
All that thou haſt is forfit to the Law,
For thy extortion I will haue thee branded,
Vpon the forhead with the letter F.
For Cheating whipt, for forging looſe thine eares,
Laſt for a baſing of thy Soueraignes Coyne,
And traitrous impreſſe of our kingly ſeale,
Suffer the death of traitors. Beare him hence.

som. Since I muſt needs be martird graunt me this,
That *No-body* may whip, or torture me,
Or hang me for a traitor.

Morg. Away with him.

Som. Or if needs I muſt dye a traitors death,
That *No-body* may ſee me when I dye.

Malg. Hence with the traitor.

Clo. I know by your complexion you wer ripe for the hangman, but now to this leane Gentleman.

Lady. Let me doome him, ſmoth ſpaniel, ſoothing grome
Slicke Oyly knaue, egregious paraſite,
Thou turning vane, and changing Weather-cocke,
My ſentence is thou ſhalt be naked ſtript,
And by the city beadles ſoundly whipt.

Clow.

Clow. Ile make bold to see the execution.

No. Well hath the King decreed, now by your highnesse patience let *No-body* borrow a word or two of Euery-body.

The Epilogue.

Heer if you wonder why the king *Elidurus* bestowes nothing on me for all my good seruices in his land, if the multitude should say he hath preferd No-body, *Some-body* or other would say it were not well done, for in doing good to *No-body* he should but get himselfe an il name. Therefore I will leaue my sute to him, and turne to you. Kinde Gentleman if any-body heere dislike No-body, then I hope Euery-body haue pleased you, for being offended with *no-body*, nor Any-body can finde himselfe agrieued, Gentlemen they haue a cold sute that haue *no-body* to speak in their cause, and therefore blame vs not to feare, yet our comfort is this, if *no-body* haue offended you cannot blame No-body for it, or rather we will finde Some-body heereafter shall make good the fault that *no-body* hath done, and so I craue the generall grace of Euery-body.

Eli. now forward Lords, long may our glories stand,
Three sundry times Crownd king of this faire land.

FINIS.

SOME-BODY

879

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